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A Great Story of the Pike, St. Louis

THE NATION
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Photo by Feinberg: New York.

SHE WAS ONE OF THE
MISS ELLIOTT.
FUN-MAKING GIRLS IN THE "MR. DOOLEY" COMPANY.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, August 27, 1904.

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FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
Frank Bowerman, a Backstop who has
few equals at the Game.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS

The contest between Mike Schreck and Joe Walcott has been declared off.

Willis Foote's Hal Frey, 2:09½, is the hardest trotter in the circuit to drive.

Bert Merrill lately purchased Maud Dillard, 2:16, who has been winning out in Ohio.

Gov. Allison, a brother to Will Cameron's Saugus winner Alberta, has taken a record of 2:24½.

Tom Jenkins arrived home from Europe recently and is now resting at Cleveland, O., his home city.

Jimmy Britt's broken arm is as well as ever and he says he will knock Corbett out when they meet.

Benny Yanger and Johnny Hertz, who has managed the little Italian for the past six years, have separated.

Joe Macias, the well-known manager of pugilists, has taken hold of Larry Temple, the colored middleweight fighter.

Joe Butler, the negro boxer, has been resurrected and is eager to fight Jack O'Brien. To the watermelon pitch, Joseph.

Billy Woods knocked out Nick Burley in the eighteenth round in their battle at Dawson City. Burley was badly punished.

Jim Corbett will make another trip abroad and will be accompanied by his former trainer, Fred Block, who is now a successful bookmaker.

James Prokos, a Greek wrestler, and Jack Thebodeau, met in a wrestling contest at Salem, Mass., on Aug. 9. The Greek won by superior science.

Gallagher, a Canadian horse, broke the record in the 2:08 pace, the Bronx stakes, when he covered the first heat in 2:03½, in the second heat his time was 2:04½.

Billy Roche, the New York sporting man, who is now managing the Hayes Valley A. C., at San Francisco, will probably referee all the boxing contests in that city after the Jeffries-Munroe battle.

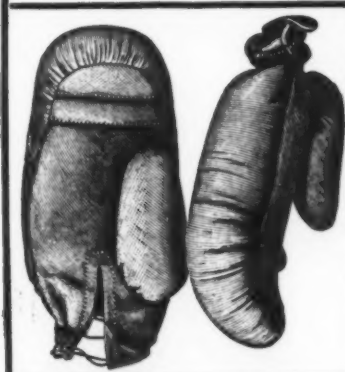
The twenty-round contest between George Ruessli, the Maori, and Al Neill, of San Francisco, at the Galety Theatre, Melbourne, went the limit, ending in a draw. Neill is now matched to meet Snowy Sturgeon before a Melbourne club.

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FROM THE MIMIC WORLD

—BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM—

OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked Up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE.

Vaudeville Actors and Actresses Are Requested to Send Artistic Character Photographs for Reproduction in Half-Tone.

Jacobs and Van Tyle report success over the Keith circuit.

Minnie Harrison, the dainty little soubrette, who is being featured on the Proctor Circuit, is



Photo by J. B. Wilson: Chicago.

FLORENCE BINDLEY.

One of the Most Versatile of Vaudeville Performers in Her Diamond Costume.

using with phenomenal success Ted S. Barron's new coon song, "I Ain't Got No Time" and "While The Band Was Playing Dixie."

Jack Brown and Lillian Wright report great success on the Melville circuit of parks, and they have good bookings for this season.

Blackford and West, known as "The Girls in Red," have signed with T. W. Dinkins' Innocent Maids Company for the coming season.

Joseph H. Barnes has been engaged to manage the Gay Masqueraders for the coming season. His Gay Paree Company is well booked up.

Thomas H. O'Neil has been engaged by Guy Kaufman, manager of "Railroad Jack" Company, to assist in the management of the company.

C. Jay Smith, manager of Billy Kersands' Minstrels, has signed for next season C. Newton Taylor, business manager, and J. M. Reilly, agent.

Allen and Delmain met with such flattering success on the Melville circuit of parks that they were re-engaged for the remainder of the season.

The La Moines played Shea's Garden Theatre, Buffalo, recently, and have been engaged over Mr. Shea's entire circuit. Recently they played Sohmer Park, Montreal, Can., with Kingston, Mr. La Moine's old home, to follow.

Make Your Cosmetics.

The making of cosmetics and perfumes is an art which is fully explained in our Book of Recipes. 25 cents; postage 2c. extra.

Carl Herbert reports success with his act of high class magic.

Fallardo has completed an entirely new act and is now playing the Keith circuit.

George W. Evers, comedian, is now managing the Orpheum Summer park, San Antonio, Tex.

Morphet and Stevenson have been filling Chautauqua dates through Texas and the Western States.

George W. Leslie, singing and talking comedian, is still playing the McMahon & Dee park circuit.

Jerome and Edwards, novelty equilibrists, report meeting with success playing dates with their new act.

C. Harry Jarvis, comedy juggler, has just completed a successful vaudeville tour through the Northwest.

The Musical Hollands announce that they will introduce a big European novelty in their act next season.

Morris and Montrose, who recently closed on Southern circuit at the Glendale Park Casino, Nashville, Tenn., have returned East.

Jennie Francis and her husband, John Preston, will produce their new one-act comedy, "Won By a Neck," in vaudeville. They will be known as Preston and Francis.

George J. Green, the popular baritone, is scoring nightly with his latest success, "When I Dream of You." He plays Brighton Beach shortly, and is booked solid throughout the prominent vaudeville houses of the country and will feature the above song.

Lorraine and Gandy have signed with the Irwin Brothers for next season.

Pearl Irving has joined the Watson Cozy Corner Stock Company, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the season.

Miss Florence Tarshis, one of Brooklyn's favorite actresses, has signed to play the leading role of *Rachael Goldstein* in this season's production of the play of that name.

Charles (Sandy) Chaplin, with the Jere McAuliffe Stock Company, is featuring the two leading illustrated ballads of the season, "When We Were Boys" and "Somebody's Waiting For Me."

Fred Irwin's companies for the coming season will be greatly augmented by an addition of thirty-three performers, mostly women, who arrived from Europe. They will produce a number of big acts.

Victoria Walters, who is a leading feature with the "Way of the Transgressor" Company, has a repertoire consisting entirely of Feist songs, and will be heard this season in "Nyomo," a new song by Abe Holzmann; the dainty little serenade song, "My Black-Eyed Sue," and Ted S. Barron's newest success, "Billy."

Frankie Bailey, formerly of the Weber & Fields Company, is to go into vaudeville. She will make her debut at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, New York, Sept. 12, in a sketch, entitled "My Lady's Picture." She will have the assistance of Gertrude Moyer, who also was a member of the Weber & Fields chorus.

The De Faye Sisters are causing considerable comment by their rendition of "Karama," the new Oriental intermezzo published by Leo Feist.

Verne and Dora Phelps, formerly of the Phelps-Cullenbine Trio, have signed with the Harris-

Parkinson Company as a vaudeville feature. The trio have filled all their bookings for this summer, and report decided success in the South with their novelty jungle act.

Matt Kennedy and his wife, Hazel Barrett, have signed with Sair & Haylin's production of "Flo-Flo," starring Stella Mayhew. Mr. Kennedy will play the principal comedy.

Walter Levina and Rae Arlington are on the Rudy Heller circuit of parks, doing their novelty act, "An Unexpected Visitor." In their new act they introduce singing and dancing.

Harry Woodthorpe and Mr. Wickell have taken the management of the summer resort, Bronson Park, Painted Post, N. Y., for the rest of the season, booking only high class vaudeville.

Carter De Haven's Sextette are creating a furore in their clever act. The musical numbers were especially written for them by Maurice Silvers and Rose De Haven, and are a decisive hit.

The Great St. Cyr, illusionist, who last season was the feature act with the Arnold Stock Company, has signed for the coming season with the Osman-Hoyt Stock Company as a special feature.

A tour of Cuba and South America is being arranged for Alice J. Shaw, the whistler. A company of well-known vaudeville performers is to be engaged, with Mrs. Shaw as the stellar attraction.

Ollie Craig, who is playing the soubrette role with the "Curse of Drink" Company, is featuring two coon songs, "While The Band Was Playing Dixie" and "I Ain't Got No Time," by Feist and Barron.

Bob Rice, the old time minstrel, has the booking of all companies playing the Star, Montreal, Canada. He will give his illustrated song films there every week during the coming season, assisted by Ned Raymond.

Viriden and Dunlap, after playing the Crystal circuit twice, have booked the Grauman circuit for nine weeks. They report that their new sketch, "Aunt Melinda's Opportunity," is making a big success.

Bohanon and Corey, the well-known and popular song illustrators, are still using to good advantage the two sterling ballads published by Leo Feist, "Somebody's Waiting For Me" and "When We Were Boys."

Little Miss Lillian Lippman, who is now playing one of the leading roles in the "Curse of Drink" Company, writes in to say that her new song "Billy," is the hit of her act, and she intends to sing it the entire season.

Tudor Cameron, formerly of La Vine-Cameron Trio, opened at the Blarney Castle Theatre, at the World's Fair, St. Louis, and after the first performance was engaged for the remainder of season, which ends Dec. 1.

Harry A. Woodward, manager of Woodward's Vaudeville Company, has bought from Carl



LULU KEEGAN.

The Accomplished Wife of Joseph P. McNatti, who is a Vaudeville Performer of Considerable Ability.

Cookson all rights and interest of the People's Theatre, Lowell, Mass., and has leased the same. The house will open Sept. 5, and vaudeville and burlesque will be presented.

Here's Your Chance.

A good living can be made by the hustling man or boy who sells Fox's physical culture books, at ten cents each. Write for details.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN—The Very Best Book—Send Seven 2-cent Stamps For It

SOME BARKERS ON THE PIKE

The Methods the Men Who Juggle With the Truth Have of Catching the Crowd.

GALVESTON DESTROYED MANY TIMES

A Walter Who Used to Juggle Plates in Beefsteak John's Now Helps to Make Music on a Drum in the Sultan's Harem.

By JOE HUMPHREYS.

In the story in this column last week I told of some old friends I met on the Pike, in their new and novel costumes, but I didn't tell all. I held out, to a certain extent, for another story. It's a way I have of always keeping something up my sleeve in case of emergency, and if I visit many more World's Fairs I will get into the habit of keeping a lot more up my sleeve—all my money, for instance, and I'll leave it there, too.

When I went up against that Sultan harem proposition that I mentioned last week, one of the things which attracted my attention was the band. It was enough to attract the attention of anyone, even a fellow who had been laying for the past ten years under a stone marked "Sacred to the memory of." It was a vociferous outfit, and if they were paid according to the amount of noise they made then they must have been pulling off enough coin to buy a few houses this fall. But that isn't the point. The man who was doing the physical culture stunt with the drum missed a beat so that he might give me the hello and say:

"How's tricks along the line, old pal?"

He had me guessing for a minute, and then I placed him. He had been a waiter at Beefsteak John's, and he told me he had beaten his way out to the Pike.

When I left him he was still beating.

But there is one thing on the Pike that will make you feel as though you were in the hands of a Baxter street Jew who was trying to sell you a suit of clothes and who had you going for the count, and that is to listen to the barkers in front of the different attractions. Those are the boys who bring home the money every time, and a good talker can pull a show out of a hole at any stage of the game.

But between you and I, I would sooner stick to my own graft of announcing at prize fights, because I can occasionally tell the truth, while there is absolutely no chance at all for a barker.

They tell a story out in St. Louis about one of these shouters who was the best in the business. He could bring people from half a mile away, and on days when he was feeling good he could make the same ones go in to see the same show half a dozen times before they wandered on to the next attraction. He interested visitors to such an extent that on several occasions the police had to be called to disperse the crowd which insisted on listening to him and blocking up the thoroughfare. The only trouble was that he proved to be a greater attraction than the show he was hired to boost, and folks would rather listen to him than go inside.

The fellow who owned the outfit was thinking of taking him in partnership so as not to lose him, but one day he caught him making a statement which was the absolute truth, and he discharged him on the spot.

That was a warning to every other man in the business, and no one has ever been discharged for such an offense since.

And now this man, who was once the Star of the Midway and the Peerless Orator of the Pike, is down and out.

There are forty shows on the Pike, and so there are forty barkers. The man with the big voice, who stands between the Mining Camp and the Home of the Cliff Dwellers, is the fellow who hustles for the Galveston Flood.

"Come on, there; come on! See the Galveston Flood; just beginning. A real city destroyed by real water every twenty minutes; a city of proud homes and magnificent palaces swept away by the wrath of the mightiest of elements. Hurry up; it's just beginning!"

He had the crowd hustling like a lot of kids going to a fire in the country. Some of them were running as if they were afraid they wouldn't get there in time. Husbands were pulling their wives along, and wives and mothers were dragging excited children, so as to get in the place before Galveston was entirely destroyed. It would have been an awful proposition if Galveston had been put out of business while they were only a few feet outside the door, and the price only twenty-five cents, at that. So in they hustled, and me and Big Tim with them.

I have seen a good many joints along the Bowery ripped up and I thought I might as well see the Pride of the Gulf wiped out.

After we had been in there ten minutes I went to the guy at the door, and I asked him how soon the tide was going to rise and do the trick.

"Oh, in about twenty minutes," he said.

I thought I would hand one to the barker, and I went out and told him about it, and he said it was bet-

and I have found out that is the time when you are most likely to lose things, because that is the time when a lot of those strong-arm fellows are wide awake.

Then comes the storm with real water, and they begin to wipe things out. The girl at the piano is working overtime and makes a quick shift from "Home, Sweet Home" to grand opera that sounds like a circular saw going through a keg of nails. Then the lecturer tears out a handful of hair and shrieks:

"My God, the storm!"

He's right, the goods are delivered, and Galveston is put on the Fritz.

It is very realistic and when you go out you look down to see if your feet are wet.

The barker is still there on the box waving his hands like a club swinger.

"Hurry up, hurry up; it's just beginning. See the greatest attraction on the Pike, the Galveston flood."

"Come to New York," I said as I passed. "You can get the money there."

"I'd rather stay here and take it away from you fellows," he answered. "Hurry up, it's beginning now."

But just think of the job of the fellow inside who has to tear his hair ten times a day and say each time a handful comes out, "My God, the flood." Not to mention the poor girl who plays "Home, Sweet Home" from 10 in the morning until 10 o'clock at night. I

Ain't that always the way. At the next Fair I'll bet it will take up half of all the space to show it, for it's growing every minute.

But the one great thing that made a hit with me was when I ran up against a barker who was touting a bunch of mandolin players. He handed out a wonderful spiel about them having played before all of the crowned heads of Europe.

"This," he said, "is their first appearance in this country," and then I looked them over. They used to hang out in a five-cent barber shop in James street, of which one was the owner, and they used to get a dollar each for playing popular airs at the mixed ale parties in the ward. They got their finish one night when a crowd of union barbers swooped down on them and put the place on the bum. All of the furniture was thrown out in the street and their instruments were broken. And now they are members of a royal orchestra.

They play just the same, but instead of wearing white coats and shouting "Next!" on busy nights, they wear uniforms and look a little like the real thing. I give you a quiet salute, barbers—or tonsorialists if you like—of sunny Italy, but I wouldn't be surprised some day to see you back in New York in a new shop, and so prosperous that you can afford to give bay rum and a shampoo with every shave. There is a chance for you on the Coney Island boats next year if you care to take it, if you bill yourselves as "direct from unparalleled successes at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition."

Take my tip and try it anyhow.

Joe Humphreys has written a great story of "The Miracles of the Pike" for Next Week's issue.

Our Halftone Photos.

J. P. Clark, of Kansas City, Kan., has at 543 Minnesota avenue one of the swellest buffets in that city.

C. R. Hanna, of 913 North Sixth street, Kansas City, Kan., is one of the best known and most popular saloonkeepers in that part of the city.

The racing team of the Lead (S. Dak.) Hose Company No. 1 won the race held in that city on July 4. This company has the honor of having never been defeated in twenty-three years of hose racing and holds the world's amateur record. The members of the team are: Corum, Dyer, Woonan, Connell, Thornberg, Krickboom, trainer; Harris, manager; Lawrence, Esterbrook, Ryan, Fillion, T. Gorman, Sullivan, W. Gorman, Coolidge, Hunter and Holvey, captain.

On page 16 is shown some fine half-tone portraits of Shad Link and Columbus, two well-known wrestlers, who are under the management of Charles J. Weiss, of Baltimore, Md., and both are conceded to be able to deliver the goods. Shad Link claims to be the heavyweight champion of the South, since he defeated George Burlingame. Columbus announces himself featherweight champion of the world, which title he took from Emil Beck, of Camden, N. J., who won it from Benny Jones, about ten years ago.

JEFFRIES AND MUNROE.

Order Next Week's Gazette in advance, a full account of the great fight will be in it.

GOOD BOUTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The bouts at the National A. C., Philadelphia, Aug. 8, were red-hot affairs and full of ginger, especially the one between Tommy Murphy, of New York, and Kid Beebe, of Philadelphia. These boys fought at a hurricane pace, and at the finish honors belonged to Murphy, although Beebe put up a great uphill fight and compelled Tommy to fight his hardest, "which is some." Beebe tired perceptibly in the final round and was holding on for dear life at the bell.

Kid Farmer, of Chicago, and Jack O'Neill, of Brooklyn, were the principals in the main event and it resulted in a most terrific battle, abounding with furious slugging.

Farmer started out like a hurricane in the opening round, and with a series of right and left hooks to the jaw had O'Neill weary. Jack fought back hard, but Farmer would not let him set.

The second round had not progressed five seconds when O'Neill dropped Farmer with a terrific right to the jaw. He dropped like a log, but gamely struggled to his feet at nine. O'Neill rushed to finish him, but Farmer set himself and landed both hands, sending O'Neill to the ropes. Jack would not be denied and again tried to end matters, but Farmer had by this time regained his equilibrium and gave as good as he received.

The terrible pace told on them in the fourth, but, urged on by shouts of his friends, O'Neill again commenced to slug. Farmer was all there, however, and Jack did not have any the best of the exchanges.

With a die-or-do expression both boys rushed at each other in the fifth round, and slugging of the hardest kind resulted. They seemed to regain their lost vigor and crash went Farmer's right to O'Neill's jaw, only for Jack to repeat the act.

The sixth round found no letup, and it seemed as if nature would have to be served; but neither boy would go down, and amid fighting that equalled the hardest ever seen the gong clanged the end of the show.

Amateur and Professional

Athletes should get a copy of the Official Book of Rules for All Sports. It contains the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union and other authorities. Sent direct to you on receipt of seven two-cent stamps.



Photo by Newman: New York

"Between you and I, I would sooner stick to my own graft of announcing at prize fights, because I can occasionally tell the truth, while a barker absolutely has no chance."

ter to be twenty minutes too soon than one minute too late, and so I went back.

The lecturer who describes the wiping out of Galveston is an artist in his line of business, but they wouldn't stand for him at the Dewey Theatre in a bum melodrama, and he would have enough cabbages and onions slung at him to keep him in vegetables for a year.

The city is shown the day before the disaster. It is painted on canvas, and as the lights are put out, one by one, a good-looking girl, seated at a piano, is playing "Home, Sweet Home."

"Night comes on apace," says the lecturer. "See the thousands of happy and unsuspecting homes, with the lights shining from the windows."

That's the cue for the girl to hit up a couple of chords.

"Galveston sleeps."

And then, as the place gets darker, we wise ones button up our coats and see if our watches are still there.

I've been in towns that were supposed to be asleep.

Sports! Sports!

One of the most valuable books of its kind ever published is the New "Official Book of Rules." It governs all sports. Mailed to you for seven 2-cent stamps.

think there are easier ways of making money than that—carrying the hod, for instance.

Nearby another barker is doing his stunt. He is boosting the attraction known as Hereafter. It was called Heaven and Hell when the Fair first opened, but they wouldn't stand for it.

"Come in, come in, good people. Something you never saw before—Hereafter."

Then, while he is still shouting, out jumps a realistic devil to scare the women and children. He jumps back again while the barker goes on, pointing to the door through which the figure has vanished:

"See him in Hereafter."

It gets the crowd but it doesn't get me, because I don't believe in taking chances, and I am satisfied to let the hereafter take care of itself.

The speller across the way is booming Creation, and he works on the same lines as his opponent across the street.

"Here you are—something you will never see again—Creation. An exact reproduction, taken from life. All in; don't wait until it's too late, but see Creation."

I told about the Irish village last week.

It is a nice little place, but it takes eleven acres to show Jerusalem with three hundred houses on twenty-two streets.

All Athletes Should Get a Copy of THE BOOK OF RULES, Revised, Enlarged and Up-to-Date



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

CHERIDAH SIMPSON, NOW WITH THE WOODLAND COMPANY.



Photo by Carlo: Cincinnati.

BELLE HARVEY, A GREAT BURLESQUE FAVORITE.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

MYRTLE FOSTER, ONE OF THE REAL ONES IN THE FRONT ROW.



Photo by Gove: Milwaukee.

MILLIE WILLIAMS AND THREE OF HER ENTERTAINING FRIENDS.

THEY SHINE UPON THE STAGE.

THIS IS A BEAUTY PAGE- DO YOU KNOW ANY OF THEM?--THEY HAVE DELIGHTED AND ENTERTAINED THOUSANDS OF THEATREGOERS.



THE PRIMROSE FOUR OF BALTIMORE.

H. TAYLOR, WILL, JOE AND HARRY WAGNER, WINNERS OF THE JOURNALISTIC CLUB'S SILVER LOVING CUP.



G. R. MOFFET AND HIS TWO BOXERS.

THEY ARE KID HIRO AND YOUNG MOFFET AND THEY ARE ALL IN ST. LOUIS LOOKING FOR MATCHES.



C. R. HANNA.

A LEADING SALOONMAN OF KANSAS CITY, KAN.



THE EMPIRE CITY QUARTETTE.

FOUR SINGERS WHO HAVE MET WITH PHENOMENAL SUCCESS DURING THEIR RECENT TOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL VAUDEVILLE HOUSES OF THE COUNTRY.



THE ALL-GERMAN BASEBALL CLUB.

AN AGGREGATION OF BALL TOSSERS OF NEW BREMEN, O., WHO ARE NOW ON A TOUR THROUGH INDIANA, MEETING ALL COMERS ON THE DIAMOND.



J. P. CLARK.

HE OWNS ONE OF THE FINEST CAFES IN KANSAS CITY, KAN.

EXCITING POKER GAMES

IN THE OLD DAYS WITH

FORTUNES WON AND LOST

The Richest Gambler in the World Talks About the Games He Has Played and Seen.

SAYS BEST GAMBLERS ARE THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

They Learn the Fine Points of Poker Very Rapidly and Are Good Readers of Human Nature, Which is a Great Asset.

A man who is conceded to be the richest gambler in the world, and who now lives in retirement on a beautiful place near Los Angeles, Cal., was in a talkative mood the other day and had this to say about himself:

"Like all the young men of New Orleans who gambled professionally, I went on the boats on the Mississippi River. I was there until the war broke out in 1861. Then I served two years in the Confederate army. After the war was over I went to St. Louis and opened a private \$5,000 gambling place in the Southern Hotel building. Then I went back to New Orleans. I was in Virginia City in the early seventies, and went from there to Chicago, then to Denver, then to Leadville, and then to San Francisco. I have played poker with all the famous players of America and faro with the Frenchmen in Paris. I played two months in the summer of 1876 at John Morrissey's place at Saratoga, and I came in contact with some men in New York and Philadelphia who were powers in the world, politically and commercially. I once had a friendly game of poker with the Russian Grand Duke Alexis in St. Louis. General Phil Sheridan, who I knew in Denver, told the Duke about me, and I was surprised one day to get a message asking me to call upon the Duke.

"Up to 1885 I had the ups and downs of the general run of men of my profession. I was sitting at the funeral of a gambler, who had been rich and died poor, one day in Dallas, Tex. I looked about and saw a lot of brighter and quicker men than I. They had been well off once, and were then all broke from gambling.

ing stock that has earned many thousands of dollars for me. I have not smoked or drank in twenty-five years. I have been trying to get all the sleep I can for twenty years, and that has kept me in prime condition, while nearly all my early comrades about the green table have gone to their graves.

"The greatest gambling town in the United States is New Orleans, but it is not what it was ten years ago even. If cotton ever comes up again, there may be the old-time scenes in cards there. St. Louis is a fairly good town for gambling. San Francisco used to be, but now horse racing and prize fights there have taken the minds and cash of the sports. Denver used to be a wonderful town for big games. There was a club of silver miners there that used commonly to have games in which \$2,000 and \$3,000 were at stake. I have known \$7,000 and \$8,000 to be in a jack-pot there on several occasions. But the dropping out of the bottom of the silver business has ruined gambling for heavy stakes in Denver. The tin-horn fellows are as common as ever there and in Cripple Creek. I haven't known much about gambling in New York for half a dozen years. It used to be a great poker town, but faro never was as popular there as in New Orleans and Chicago. I once played with two other professionals in the Delavan House in Albany for a week or two, when the Legislature was in session and Senator Warner Miller wanted to be re-elected.

"Who are the best gamblers?"

"The Chinese. Then the Yankees. The English are the most absurd gamblers and they think they are wonderfully adroit. A smart Chinaman will learn more of the art of poker playing in an hour than an intelligent American can learn in days. The Chinese are natural-born bluffers and readers of human nature. I never tire of watching a Chinaman play poker against several Americans, even if it is a cheap game. If you ever wish to see something really humorous, sit and study a Chinaman who is risking his good, hard-earned cash in a jack-pot with some Americans. You will see the most stolid and indifferent face on a human being, who, no doubt, secretly burns with anxiety and excitement. You will see a face and eyes that I defy any one to read, even in the most exciting moments of the game. A Chinaman gives a sharp, lightning glance at the corners of his cards. Then he puts his whole attention on the faces of his adversaries, while he assumes an expression of bland childishness. A discharge of artillery under his chair would not faze him in a poker game. I confess that I have had three of a kind bluffed out by a Chinaman with a pair of deuces or treys several times in my life. I once sat in a game in Cheyenne with two rich Chinamen and two rich cattlemen in Wyoming, and I saw one of those Chinamen lose his whole year's earnings, about \$6,000, with not a wink.

"The English are easy game for professional American gamblers. They take so much for granted. The English cattlemen in Texas and through the territories spent sums running all together away up in the millions, trying to cope with the Americans in poker. The fraternity abounds in stories of the innocence of Englishmen in poker. One of the best I ever heard was told by Tom Ochiltree. Some years ago an Englishman and a Texan were going by steamer from New Orleans to New York. The days were long and both men wanted to kill time. The Englishman proposed a game of cut-throat euchre. The Texan acquiesced. The men played some time, when the Englishman suddenly exclaimed:

"Don't you know, my boy. I've a deuced fine poker hand."

"Do you know our American poker?" inquired the Texan.

"Certainly I know it. It's a bloomin' great game."

"Well, I have a neat little poker hand here, too, if I

Published Free.

Odd or curious photos wanted for the POLICE GAZETTE. If you have any that are interesting send them in at once.

could discard a card and get a jack," replied the Texan. "The Englishman drew down his face and smothered a chuckle as he proposed to bet the hands after the change had been made in the Texan's hand. The betting began. First, the Englishman raised and then the Texan raised. The Englishman bit his lip and tried to look serious as the Texan added his diamond studs and his gold watch and chain to the pile on his wager.

"Well, my boy, you're making a bloomin' idiot of yourself," said the Englishman as he met the bet and plunked down his elegant jewelry.

"The turn was called.

"Now see here, my boy, how foolish you are. I've four queens, don't you know," said the Englishman.

"That's good, but I've four kings," said the Texan.

"Four kings, four kings," mused the bewildered Englishman. Then after he had studied the proposition and watched the Texan rake in a heap of money and valuables, he exclaimed: "But, my boy, can you tell me why you wanted that infernal jack?"

"The biggest gambling I ever saw was in Virginia City, Nev., at the time the Bonanza ledges on the Comstock were being developed. That was along in 1872 and 1873. There are a multitude of gamblers nowadays who are incredulous of the truthful stories of the games played every night in the week for about a year from June, 1872, to July, 1873. I confess that I sometimes wonder whether I was really a participant in this golden days in gambling, or whether I have dreamed all that I recollect about them. When I was in England a few years ago I heard of some big games in Australia along in the sixties, but none compared with those we had in Virginia City.

"You remember that for months the output of gold from seven mines on the Comstock yielded together \$50,000 clear profit every day. John W. Mackay, James G. Fair and James Flood became multi-millionaires in fourteen months, while Sharon, Hobart, Ralston, Cobb, O'Brien and a dozen other men leaped from poverty to millions in the same time. Common laborers and camp cooks of a few years before had incomes from mining stocks of \$150 and \$300 a day for two years. Lots of mining laborers who could not read or write had bank deposits in Virginia City in those wonderful days of \$10,000 and \$15,000. I have seen hundreds of men in cheap red shirts and grimy overalls haul out a buckskin bag of \$2,000 or so with no more heed to its value than when one produces \$2 nowadays. So you see what an extraordinary field there was in the town for gambling. I never saw gambling so common and so open as in Virginia City. There were

forty or fifty gambling games running there day and night. Poker was too slow and required too much thought for most of the suddenly rich men. Roulette and faro were most popular.

"The most superbly appointed gambling place I have ever seen outside of France and Austria was there. It was not so large as Morrissey's at Saratoga, or as Lynch's in New Orleans, but it must have cost thousands of dollars more than either of these. It was owned by Hiram Gentry and Dan E. Crittenden. They were both men of education, and they planned to establish a Monte Carlo there. Crittenden was a nephew of United States Senator Crittenden of Kentucky. They were backed by Senators Sharon and Nye, William C. Ralston and one or two more millionaires. They had credit at the California bank in San Francisco for \$200,000. For about a year their daily deposits averaged \$8,000. The building was frame—like

all others in Virginia City. Downstairs there were four large rooms and upstairs there were three. One room was especially devoted to Nevada and California State officials, Senators and Congressmen. Another room was for miners and cattlemen. Still another and larger room was a general gambling room for men of small stakes, who played to a \$50 limit every night. There were poker, roulette and faro rooms, and connecting all these was a most elaborate barroom. The tables and chairs were of mahogany; the carpets were the finest that money could buy in New York. I have seen cowboys and miners in great, rough, muddy boots, with pistols flapping at their hips and spurs at their heels, come strolling across velvet carpets there that cost \$10 a yard in those days, and throw their feet on polished tables worth \$100 each. The windows were of the finest French stained glass and represented Bacchanalian and Roman scenes. The bar was of solid onyx, and the floor of Italian colored marble. The lamps were solid silver, set off by gold. Mirrors of heavy plate glass reached from floor to ceiling, and were held in place by hooks of solid silver. There were goblets of solid silver and delicate drinking vessels of glass and gold. The pyramids of cut glass decanters and bottles at the back of the bar cost \$4,000 in Paris. Then the expensive manner of running the house was probably never equaled. In the exclusive poker rooms bottles of champagne were opened at the expense of Gentry & Crittenden whenever a jack-pot was opened. I have seen a dozen bottles of champagne that cost in that mining town \$6 a bottle served free to an assemblage, because some one told a new funny story or because a new rich vein had been struck down in the mines. The house used to reserve \$3,500 a month from its profits for the entertainment of its guests. On the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Sutherland to Virginia City the bonanza firm of Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Brien must have paid for 500 bottles of champagne drunk and poured on the carpets in one day and night at Gentry & Crittenden's house.

"I have sat in games of poker in the house many a time when the cheapest chip was \$20. I once played

for a few hours when the chips ranged from \$50 upward, but it was too big for me to play my best. I was so nervous that I could not judge my opponents as I should. Several times I saw poker games there that lasted all night, where the chips ranged from \$70 to \$200 each. But it would be too severe a strain on me to play long at such a game. Perhaps twenty or thirty



CHARLIE SCHILDT.

Fancy Trick Bag Puncher of Brooklyn, N. Y. He Challenges Anyone in the Business.

times I have known men to get up from an all-night poker game with \$20,000 winnings. Winnings of \$10,000 in a night or an afternoon were not uncommon at Gentry & Crittenden's. Once I heard of a gambler who went away from Virginia City with about \$50,000 that he had won in two weeks. I believe he quit gambling and went into the wholesale tobacco business in Michigan on his capital. He was a very sensible man. The chances are 50 to 1 he would have gone broke if he had played there a month longer.

"The biggest game I ever saw was at Gentry & Crittenden's in the summer of 1872. Lucky Baldwin, now of San Francisco; Henry M. Vance, who made a fortune with Melas in the Andean railroad; Senator Bill Sharon and a man from St. Louis sat in a game. I withdrew when the game got too big for me. I won't play in an unlimited game with reckless millionaires, and the honest man of small means who does is sure to go broke. Well, the game began at about 7 o'clock one evening. The chips were from \$100 upward. It lasted until 3 in the morning. There were jack-pots started at \$900 and \$1,000. If the deal went around the table once there would be \$2,000 and perhaps \$3,000 in the pot. Several times the deal went around twice, and there was \$6,000 in the pot. One pot contained \$12,000 when it was opened. Not a word was spoken, and the silence was oppressive. These millionaires handled thousands as common, cheap gamblers do halves and quarters. Raises of \$500 were common, and once I saw the men raise each other \$2,500. There was \$18,000 in that one pot. Talk about quick thinking and concentration of the mind. Talk about lightning calculation of chances, and an instant reading of one's inmost thoughts. Champagne was served once an hour, and the playing was resumed. I saw three fives win \$13,000 that night. Once I saw Senator Sharon raise Lucky Baldwin \$4,000 and scoop in a tidy sum of \$6,000.

"Take it," was all Baldwin said to break the stillness of the room.

"I can't conceive of anything that wears the brain out sooner than such a nervous strain endured for hours. When the earliest streaks of sunlight were shooting over the Wasoe valley and were glinting the Sierras the game came to an end.

"Boys, I'd like to stay here hours longer, but I've got to get some sleep to-night, because to-morrow we're going to have a directors' meeting at the Crown Point," said Senator Sharon.

"He was then \$35,000 winner, and the St. Louis man was about \$12,000 ahead. I don't doubt that Sharon went home and slept as easy as if he had won a handful of change."

The Big Fight

Will be of interest to all readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, and if you want the best story in detail you don't want to miss next week's paper, which, on account of this battle, will be out a great deal earlier than usual. A great supplement of Jack Randall, the undefeated English boxer, as well.



KID GORDON.

His full name is Gordon Wellington Hahne, he belongs in Omaha, Neb., and his father claims he is the Youngest Boxer in the World. Age, 28 months; weight, 33 pounds.

The thought flashed over me that I was getting like them, and would be useless and broke before I knew it. I determined that same hour to depart from an iron-clad rule to have a limit for betting and losing, and sold down one-fifth of my earnings, no matter what the inducements to increase the wagers. From that time I kept my resolution, and I began to accumulate property. I helped Senator Tabor, of Denver, once in a delicate business affair, and he gave me a tip on min-

WHAT THE JAPS THINK OF WATER

CHALLENGES

Native Athletes Who Drink a Gallon a Day Seem to Have Hit Up the Right Idea.

PURIFIES BOTH INSIDE AND OUT.

If You Are Interested in These Articles the Best Thing You Can Do is to Tell Your Friends to Read Them, Too.

SERIES NO. 85.

This series of articles would not be complete if the question of water were not discussed, and as these stories are all based upon Japanese experiments the matter of water deserves serious consideration. A

plumber's bills, but you would prevent disease and save doctor's bills. The comparison is evident, for what is the human body but an elaborate system of sewers? It doesn't make any difference whether you are an

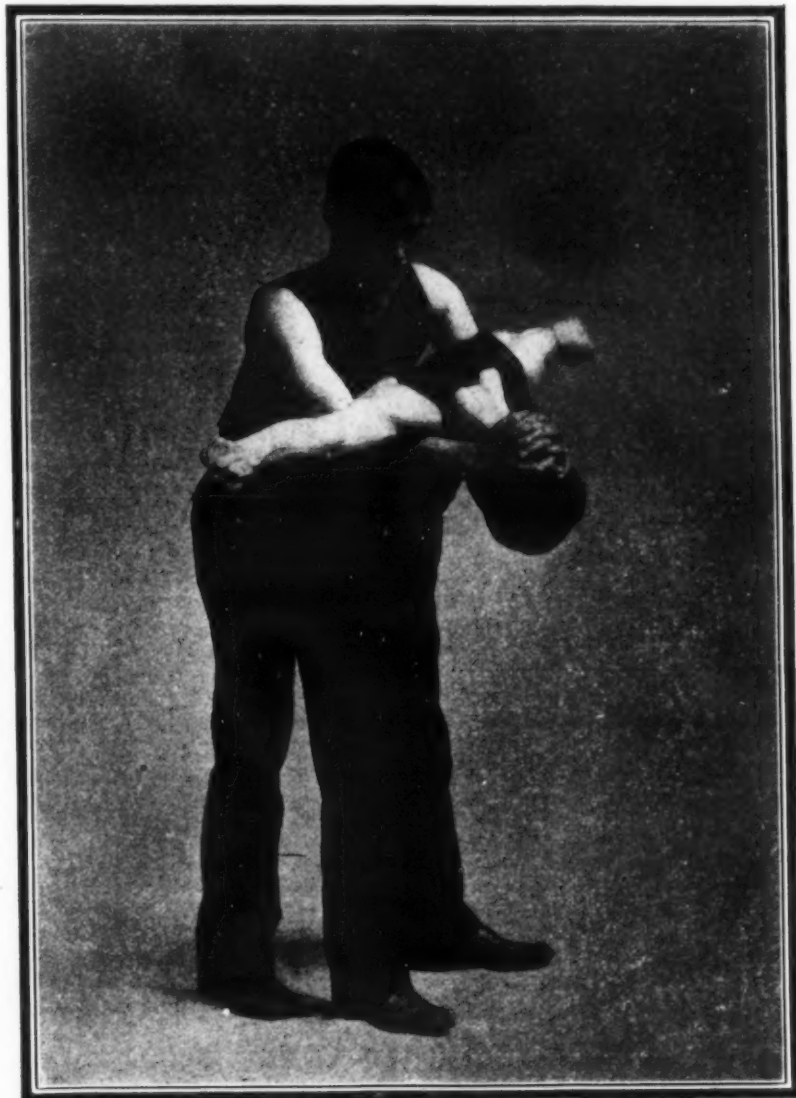


PLATE NO. 12.

Exercise No. 12.—In Catch-as-catch-can Wrestling this Hold is known as a Full Nelson, and the Japs use it to get a Hold from Behind on an Opponent, from which it is difficult to escape. When applied with force it has a very distressing effect on the Victim.

great many years ago the discovery was made in Japan that water, whether it contained medicinal properties or not, was a great natural restorer and one of nature's greatest as well as simplest remedies. It is good to drink and it is good to bathe in. The Japs are a great nation of bathers and water drinkers and they are the greatest nation of athletes in the world to-day.

The argument might be presented that if they bathed less and drank less they might, by following their peculiar physical culture system, still be great athletes. That is conceded, too, but they have demonstrated, by years of experiments, just what value lies in the clear, unpolluted water of the springs and its liberal use. For drinking purposes it is never cooled with ice, because then it becomes harmful to the stomach, but it is taken in its natural state, which is just cool enough to be palatable.

Think of a man drinking on an average a gallon of water a day.

It seems a lot, and it is very doubtful if at first every man could assimilate that quantity without becoming nauseated, but it is the average quantity for the Japanese athlete, and it cleanses him internally just the same as his bath cleanses him externally.

If you lived in a house which contained a complex system of sewers and you were a careful man with regard for health, decency and cleanliness, you would turn the water on every twenty-four hours and flush the pipes. By doing that you would not only save

athlete or not, you are bound to be benefitted by drinking pure cool water in considerable quantities.

Rheumatism is a rare disease in Japan, and the Japs themselves say that water used freely inside and outside will do more to protect the system from the attacks of this dreaded disease than all the medicine in the world. They don't cure it, but they prevent it, and that is the proposition they work on in many ailments, and the man who takes two or three baths a day doesn't think he is overdoing it in the least.

While the above may not seem to be strictly in line with physical culture, yet there is no reason why it shouldn't have a prominent place in this column. It is not intended to preach sermons on health here nor to publish moral essays, but it is intended to make this page of some value to the thousands of readers of the POLICE GAZETTE in the world. There is no room here for idle fads, and so proven facts will continue to be presented.

The query department is open at all times and all questions will be answered promptly and accurately. If there is anything you want to know send in a postal card and it will be answered.

And another thing, if you think these articles and

Sam Austin's Advice.

Even if you are a boxer you will get something new in the Police Gazette boxing and bag punching book. The best published. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

lessons are good tell your friends about them, for it is aimed to make this the best physical culture page published by any paper in the world.

DALY BEATS CURLEY.

Andy Daly, of New York, won the decision over Lou Curley, of Philadelphia, in the fifteenth round of the fight tournament at the West End Club, St. Louis, Mo., on August 11. Curley put up a plucky fight and took enough punishment for two men, but Daly's strength and vicious left jabs to the jaw and wind proved too much for him. It was Daly's fight, and the decision of Referee Reagan was greeted with applause.

Daly rushed the fight from the opening of the first round and caused Curley to rush into clinches to avoid punishment. Clinches were frequent with vicious exchanges of short-arm blows to the wind.

MAHER NO MATCH FOR WILLIAMS

Once again Jack Williams proved that he is Peter Maher's master. They met at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on August 11, and although Peter stayed the six rounds, it was the bell that saved him, as he was all in.

Williams made a chopping block of Maher all through the contest. In all he took the count eight times. The first round he took it twice without being struck a blow, simply falling from his own exertions, and while he was on the floor he used it to advantage. Again in the third he had nine counted out to him while he knelt on the floor, and three times more in the sixth. While he was receiving his last rest the gong sounded, bringing the contest to an end.

M'CLELLAND IN A FAST BOUT.

Jack McClelland, of Pittsburg, and George Decker, of Philadelphia, were the principals in a six-round bout at the Manhattan Club, in the Quaker City, on Aug. 12. It was a lively bout, with plenty of action and foot work. Decker outpointed the Pittsburg man, but in point of effectiveness McClelland had Decker shaded. George had his jabs always ready, and many a one Jack caught in the face, but once inside Decker's guard, McClelland sent in some wallops that stung.

In the third round Decker got into a corner and there Jack planted a right in the ribs that made Decker grab McClelland, and both men fell to the ground. Before the round was over Decker was the recipient of another punch that took some of the steam out of him.

In the sixth round the going was very fast. McClelland bored in and landed several wallops to the body and face. Decker danced around and planted his jabs frequently to the face.

The semi-windup was between Johnny Marto and Kid Locke. The latter surprised Marto with his fast work and really had the better of the going. It was a slam-bang affair and both men were given to wrestling.

FACTS ABOUT THE FIGHT

Will be found in the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE next week. This paper has always had the best story of all the more important battles, and the Jeffries-Munroe contest will be no exception. Order your copy of the paper once so you will be sure to get it promptly. A great feature of the next issue will be the supplement of the original Nonpareil, Jack Randall, the English boxer, who was never beaten.

JIM PARR LOSES.

Jim Parr, of Buffalo, lost a handicap wrestling match to George L. Barber at Utica (N. Y.) Park on Aug. 8. The style was catch-as-catch-can and under the articles Parr was to throw Barber twice within forty minutes actual wrestling. Parr gained a fall in 16 minutes 30 seconds, with an arm and shoulder hold, but was unable to secure another fall within the time limit and the decision went to Barber.

PANTZ AND DONAHUE DRAW.

Kid Pantz and Young Donahue went ten rounds to a draw at the Cambridge A. A., Boston, Mass., August 8. The bout was one of the fastest ever seen in that clubhouse this year, the fighting being remarkably clean. Up to the fifth it was an even thing between the men, and after that Pantz used his right to great advantage, being answered by Donahue's left. Pantz was the fresher of the two at the end of the tenth. The decision was favorably received.

In the six-round preliminaries Larry Conly so far outclassed Danny Snyder that the referee gave Conly the decision in the third. Charlie Gartner got the decision over Gus Dumond in the second, the latter being on both knees when the referee concluded the count of ten. Jack Sumner and Jack McKeever went six rounds, and McKeever got the decision.

NEW DUMB-BELL RECORD.

At the New West Side A. C., New York City, recently, Fred Winter, the strong man of the club, who is billed for some weight lifting at St. Louis, gave a dumb-bell exhibition which was a surprise to the large crowd present. His first trial produced a new world's record. A bell weighing 141 pounds he tossed with one hand from the ground to a full arm's length above the shoulder with one motion and without a pause at the shoulder.

This feat knocks out the previous record of 138 pounds made by W. Stoesen in Madison Square Garden on Dec. 17, 1897. After a little rest Winter pushed up from the shoulder 103 pounds with the right and 88½ pounds with the left at the same time. His next trial was to curl a bell weighing 103 pounds with his right hand, and he pushed 170 pounds with one hand to a full arm's length above the head.

Winter's last feat was original and must be added to the list of records as a new one. With 88 pounds in his right hand and 61 pounds in his left he held both bells above his head. Then he lowered the arms slowly until they were horizontal with the shoulders and extended at full length. In this latter position he held the bells for at least three seconds.

I would like to make a match with any bag puncher in the business.—Edward Bass, 90 Varet street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kid Tutts is open to meet any 128-130-pound boxer in the business.—Otto Keifer, 3 Irving Place, New York.

I am ready to meet any fancy trick bag puncher in the business.—Charlie Schilt, 408 Ralph avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lawrence Pierque challenges any middle-weight wrestler in the country, no one barred.—John C. Stafford, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

B. J. Sullivan, manager of Joe Tipman, of Baltimore, wants to match his protegee with Jabez White, the English champion lightweight.

I will match Kid Hiro, 105 pounds, and Young Moffett, 120 pounds, against any boys of their weight in the country.—George R. Moffett, 3 Lezon street, Rochester, N. Y.

Jerry Simms, the lightweight boxer, would like to meet Dave Holly or Bink McCluskey, with whom he fought a draw, and has some admirers who will risk some of their long green on his chances.

I claim to be the champion bootblack and challenge John H. Moore, of Buffalo, N. Y., to meet me for \$50 a side, money to be deposited at the POLICE GAZETTE office.—Sam Forte, 2 Ford street, Hartford, Conn.

Kid Wilson, a clever bantam of Cohoes, N. Y., would like to try his skill with any bantam in the State, and his manager, E. J. Thorisen, will make a side bet on the result, and may be addressed at the City Hall Building, Cohoes, N. Y.

Edward Loughlin, better known as Lake Loughlin, has returned from the West, where he was the victor in twelve battles. He is anxious to meet Paul Lavigne or any 130-pound boxer. Loughlin says he can stop Lavigne in six rounds, and can be addressed in care of Joe Shambo, Fulton A. C., Grand street, Worcester, Mass.

Johnny Buick is a youthful drummer of the Fraternal Order of Eagles Drum Corps of Golden Gate Aerie No. 61 and is but nine years of age. Yet he



AVOCA JACK.

The Winner of Two Battles, and his Owner, Thomas Harding, of Avoca, Pa., has \$500 to Back him to Fight at 48 pounds.

can handle the sticks with the cleverness of an old-timer and would like to meet any of the youngsters of the Golden Gate City in a contest.

The racing team of Lead (S. Dak.) Hose Team No. 1 challenge any nose team in the country. M. J. Harris, Foreman and Manager, Lead, S. Dak.

A Big Opportunity.

Everybody is interested in baseball and anybody can make money by selling "The Science of Baseball," illustrated, 10 cents. Address Agents Department, this office.

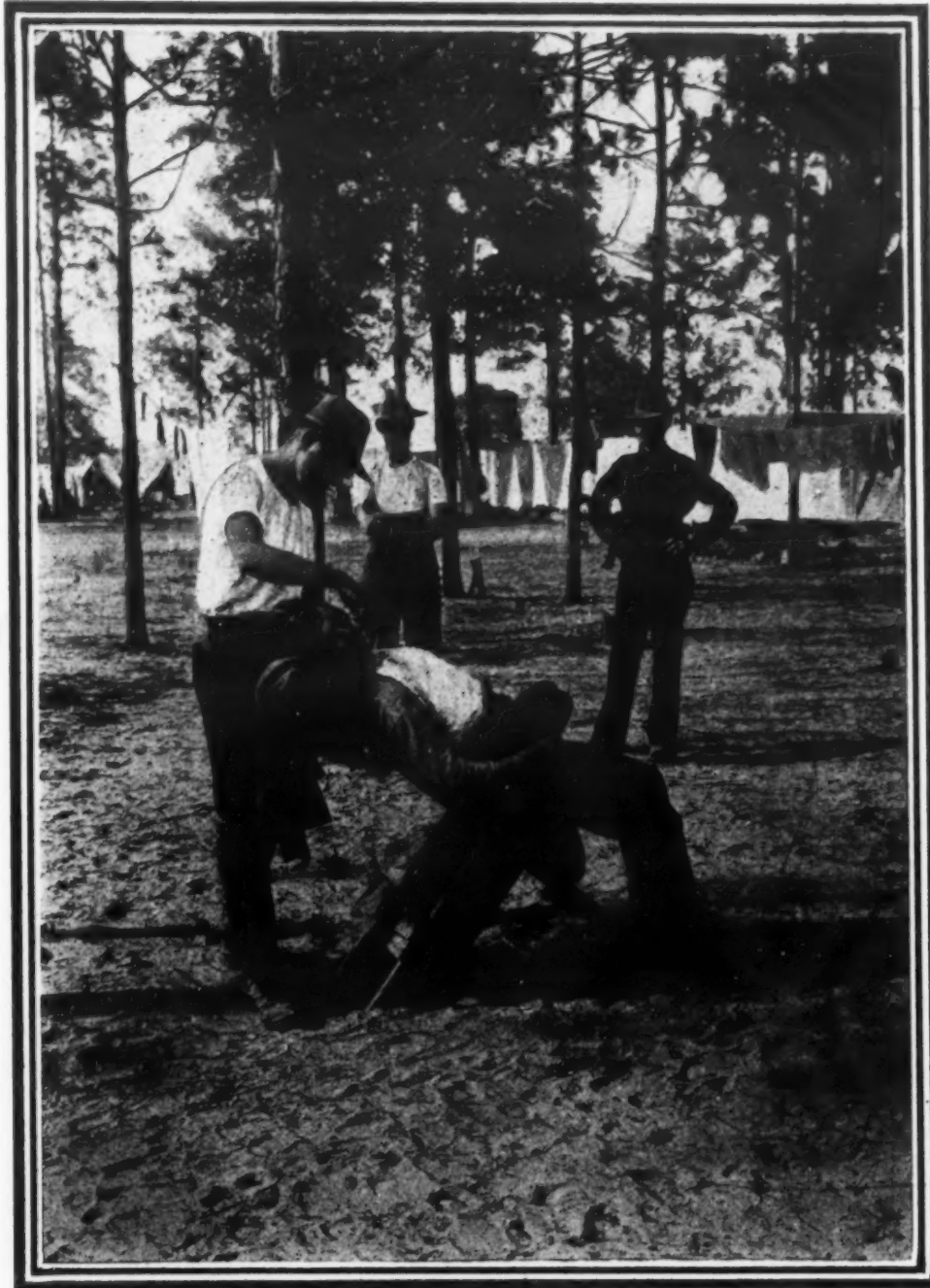
SUPPLEMENT NEXT WEEK—A Fine Reproduction from the Original Print of JACK RANDALL



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AN ORIENTAL SHAVE.

THE EXTREME SIMPLICITY OF THE SHOP OF A CANTON, CHINA, BARBER IS TO BE COMMENDED.



A CAMP BARBER AT WORK.

THE MILITARY TONSORIALIST AT TAMPA, FLA., AND HIS HOME-MADE CHAIR WHICH HAS SEEN GOOD SERVICE.



ARISTOCRATS OF THE ARENA.

TRIO OF SPANISH BULL FIGHTERS IN THE RING AT MADRID WAITING FOR ANOTHER BULL TO BE BROUGHT IN.



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THIS IS TO FRIGHTEN EVIL SPIRITS.

THE ENORMOUS EFFIGY WHICH THE NATIVES OF BURMAH CARRY ABOUT THE STREETS
AND WHICH THEY BELIEVE PROTECTS THEM FROM HARM.

BIG FIGHTERS' FORFEITS UP —FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP— TO FIGHT ON AUGUST 26

**Jim Corbett Bursts into Public View with a Proposition
to Fight Fitz after His "Struggle" with O'Brien.**

FISTIC CRITICS PREDICT SUCCESS FOR RODENBACH

**Parson Davies Utters a Few Truths—Fighters who are Talked About—To Settle
the Middleweight Controversy—Small Talk.**

After some unexplainable delay forfeits were posted for the coming heavyweight match between Jim Jeffries and Jack Munroe, and the fight will take place before the Yosemite A. C., San Francisco, on August 26.

Each man has placed \$5,000 in the hands of Harry Corbett and all the plans are now complete for holding the contest. Betting thus far has been very light, owing to the fact that the men have kept themselves in seclusion, and no one has been able to get a line on them. Jeffries, until forfeits were put up, had not taken up active training. He is at Harbin Springs, where he has been doing light work. Recently, however, he got down to hard work in earnest. His work consists of boxing for a number of hours daily, and regular road work, combined with various indoor exercises. Billy Delaney, his chief trainer, is confident that the boiler-maker will hold his title for some years to come.

Munroe has been training hard and is in good condition. He is confident of his ability to defeat the champion. He has shown marked improvement over his work when he was training before, and expects to be in better shape than Jeffries when he goes into the ring. In speaking of his chances he said:

"I don't see why I should not have the utmost confidence in myself. I am big and healthy, and I don't see where Jeffries has got anything on me. If I was ever confident of winning a fight, it is this one."

Jim Corbett manages to keep very much in the public's eye these days. Only recently his name was mentioned in connection with a proposed bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Now he has selected Bob Fitzsimmons to stand for his challenges and pretends to be desirous of meeting his conqueror again in a ring engagement.

"Ever since that Carson City affair," said Corbett, "I have been trying to get him to give me another chance. He has ignored all my challenges, and I now issue a final one in the hope of getting a match before he retires from the ring or before he takes on somebody else. I am going to Europe next spring to fill some theatrical engagements and would like to fight Fitz before I depart. He can name his own terms. I will agree to meet him on the coast in a twenty-round bout, but I do not object to a six-round bout in Chicago or Philadelphia. I will be ready to take on Fitz six weeks after my bout with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is decided. I am prepared to sign articles of agreement now."

Apropos of the bout with O'Brien, which Corbett speaks about, the gentleman who has assumed the responsibility of "conning" the public through the medium of the newspapers had the nerve the other day to "get off" the following:

"Corbett and O'Brien are great exponents of the scientific end of boxing. They have the art down to a fine point, and those who witness the mill will go there with the expectation of seeing a clever exhibition. In making this calculation it must not be inferred that O'Brien cannot hit hard enough to knock Corbett out. Unless the ex-champion has not gone back too far, O'Brien should not be able to land an effective punch during the entire six rounds. Perhaps O'Brien, who is growing shrewder as he is growing older, only made the strange request for Corbett to come to 175 pounds to create talk. He realizes the potency of good advertising and knows that his singular demands will excite comment and help boost the bout. It is evident to those who know O'Brien's nature that he will eventually agree to the original conditions of the contest and fight Corbett. It is hoped so, for devotees of boxing will witness a struggle that ought to be well worth seeing."

Struggle, eh!

Probably another of the same kind of a "struggle" that O'Brien and other unprincipled alleged rivals recently engaged in.

Willie Rodenbach, the American champion amateur heavyweight and middleweight boxer, himself authorizes the statement that he intends to become a professional and hereafter battle for the coin of the realm in lieu of medals, cups, watches, rings, etc., which fall to the lot of a successful "amateur." According to plans which are now maturing, Rody will make his debut as a "pro" in a match with Kid McCoy, to be held in Frisco some time in November or December. Absolute details of the match were not made public, but it is likely that the fight will take place before the Hayes Valley A. C., and will be fifteen rounds.

Rodenbach has long been known as the cleverest of the amateur boxers. He won the national championship several years in succession. In 1902 he captured the laurels in the United States and Canada, and two months ago fought Sam Berger, the much touted holder of the Pacific coast championship, for the amateur title of the world.

Berger weighed at the time of the fight nearly 196 pounds and stood head and shoulders over his antagonist. Many professionals, including Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries, had fought Berger, and all said he was a second Munroe. So confident was Berger that he would win the cup offered for the championship that he added \$175 of his own money to that put up by the committee in charge of the affair, as

he did not consider the trophy selected good enough for him after the fight.

The result of Rodenbach's trip to the coast upset Berger's idea of owning the cup. Rodenbach cut the big Californian down much after the style of Joe Walcott, hitting him almost anywhere he chose. So chastened was Berger at his defeat that when Rodenbach, after the bout, went to shake hands, the Californian sprang up and struck the New York man. The Easterner replied in kind and a second battle was being waged merrily when the referee interfered.

Since Rodenbach's return from San Francisco he has been under the care of Paddy Moran, his trainer, doing light work.

Rodenbach will compete in the Olympic amateur boxing championships at the World's Fair at St. Louis. This will be his last appearance as a "semi-pro." After the St. Louis matches, which will take place in September, he will go to San Francisco and begin work there for his fight with McCoy. Up to this time Rodenbach has not competed in any match that went beyond



ANDY BEEKNER.

I Challenge any Lightweight Boxer in the Country to Box me for a Side Bet.—The Wayne Kid, Cochran St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

six rounds, and there is, of course, some doubt that he will be able to go the fifteen-round distance against the more experienced McCoy, to whom the long fights are more familiar.

In any event it is probable Rodenbach will make a good showing in the professional ranks, as all the prize

Sporting or Interesting

Good Group Photographs will be used in the POLICE GAZETTE Free of Charge. Send them in with reading matter.

fighters who have seen him spar or who have boxed with him say he has the making of a great fighter in him. In build he is not unlike Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, although slightly shorter. Rodenbach is deep-chested and broad-shouldered, about five feet ten inches tall, and can take as well as give punishment. He is a good two-handed boxer, with a splendid jabbing left. He was developed by Paddy Moran, who long ago picked him out of the many good men who box at the New West Side A. C., New York, as a comer.

The battle will attract unusual attention, as it is a long time since so promising an amateur decided to enter the professional ranks.

The supplement next week will be a reproduction from the old print of Jack Randall, the original Nonpareil, who was never defeated. It will make a valuable addition to the collection of any series of sporting pictures.

The array of notables one meets on Broadway, in the big city, was augmented last week when "Parson" Davies, wearing a checkered suit and an expansive smile, came to town. The urbane "parson" looks the same, bearing a conspicuous adornment on his proboscis, resembling a Hot Springs Ruby. As usual he had something to talk about and when the subject of pugilism was broached he said:

"I think the game is degenerating. The best proof of that, to my mind, is the fact that the newspapers give so little to boxing. Where there was a column a few years ago there appears now only a paragraph. A few papers, like the POLICE GAZETTE, it is true, feature fighting, but the great majority print less and less about it every day. The game is going down hill, and it will be some time before there is a change for the better."

"Faking and four-flushing have killed it with honest men. Boxing was once the sport of the square man, now it is left for the most part to crooks and double-cross artists, who make the average confidence man look like a yep."

"How many honest matches are made to-day. Very few. There are more ways of deceiving the public and double-crossing backers than we ever dreamed would be possible a decade ago. One has to have an education in confidence work before he can arrange a match with most of the pugilists of to-day."

"As for the Jeffries-Munroe match, I think that if Jeffries comes into the ring in a chair he can defeat the miner. He can beat him with one hand. It is a counterfeit match, as every one who knows anything about boxing or who has seen Jeffries go realizes that he is in a class by himself. Munroe in the same ring with Jeff is a joke."

"Honesty pays in boxing as in everything else. There is but one course to pursue if you are going to finish with credit and success, and that is to run straight. The boxers and managers had a glorious time a few years ago, while they were ruining the sport, but what are they doing now? Many of them are lucky to have bed money."

"They deliberately killed a great sport and a paying one. They have finished in discredit and dishonor, and no one mourns for them. The passing of a champion to-day is greeted with smiles as the passing of a champion con man. There are great men and honest boxers yet, but they are buried under the general odium which has engulfed the ring."

A great story of the battle between Jim Jeffries and Jack Munroe will appear in Next Week's POLICE GAZETTE, giving the contest by rounds and illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of both principals. Don't fail to read this number.

Manager A. C. McCarey, of the Los Angeles (Cal.) A. C., has originated a plan to determine who is the middleweight champion by introducing the four aspirants for that honor in a carnival to be held before his club.

O'Brien, Fitzsimmons, Ryan and McCoy have all received telegrams from McCarey, announcing that during racing month in Los Angeles next winter the Los Angeles A. C. would hold a great boxing carnival, the chief star feature of which would be a series of contests to settle definitely the middleweight championship of the world.

A belt, to cost \$1,000, will go to the winner, and the boxers will break even upon sixty per cent. of the gate. Each man will be allowed \$500 for training expenses.

McCarey invites Fitzsimmons, McCoy, O'Brien and Ryan to enter for the tournament. He purposes to match McCoy and Fitzsimmons for the first bout, and Ryan and O'Brien for the second, the winner of each match to box for the world's championship. The weight limit is to be 158 pounds.

O'Brien, immediately upon receiving the offer, went to the telegraph office and wired his acceptance. McCarey said in his telegram that McCoy had written him from Salt Lake City favoring the idea but not definitely entering.

Fitzsimmons did not reply, but said that he would think the matter over. When asked if he would defend the middleweight title, he declared that he would, and insisted that he could get down to 158 pounds and be strong. No one else on Broadway thought he could do it without cutting off a leg.

Nothing has been heard from Ryan, who, if he is so anxious to meet Fitz, will undoubtedly accept. Ryan weighs 172 pounds at present, and favors 158 as the middleweight limit. O'Brien says that as Fitzsimmons won the title at 154 he is willing to make that weight if necessary.

Los Angeles is crowded during the racing season, and the prospects of a large gate are very good. The club offers satisfactory financial guarantee.

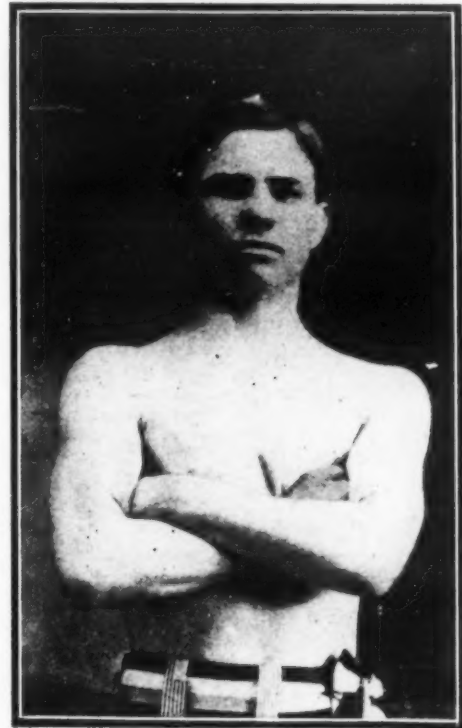
It isn't generally known that Bob Fitzsimmons got the hot end of a cold proposition in St. Louis during the early days of the Exposition and lost a bunch of coin on the "throw down." Fitz was to have the bar and restaurant privilege at the "Old St. Louis" concession, but the newspapers made so much of him that the local brewers who control the Tyrolean Alps concession asked the management to compromise with the pugilist and get him off the Pike.

With the newspapers giving him page stories, it looked as though Robert had at last found an easy money bonanza on the Pike. Before he even opened, the Department of Concessions forced "Old St. Louis" to cancel their contract with Fitz, who was \$3,000 in the hole. General sympathy was expressed for him, but this didn't pay household expenses. This throwdown at St. Louis was a keen disappointment to Fitz, who could have coined money until the end of November. SAM C. AUSTIN.

NELSON FIGHTS LIKE LAVIGNE

**The Chicago Lightweight's Style of
Fighting Greatly Admired.**

The man who occupies the centre of the pugilistic stage at the present auspicious moment is Battling Nelson, the Chicago lightweight fighter. Giving Martin Canole his quietus gave him something of a "rep," but nothing to be compared with the dose got by lowering Eddie Hanlon's colors. Nelson awoke the morning after he beat Hanlon and found himself being seriously considered as a worthy opponent of Jimmy Britt or Young Corbett. Any fighter who could make Hanlon's seconds throw up the towel was good enough to send after either of the two celebrities just mentioned. And Nelson will remain in San Francisco a few days for the purpose of cajoling Britt, or perhaps Corbett, into a match. It is known that the San Francisco A. C. stands ready to sign Nelson with any worthy opponent for September, and if it can in-



"BATTLING" NELSON.

duce Britt to break his contract with Corbett, very well and good. As Corbett has gone on record as saying that he would scrap somebody before he met J. Edward again, the latter may beat him to a match and sign with Nelson. As Britt sat at the ringside, and saw Nelson score his triumph, he knows how hard a game he is. Jimmy gave Battling credit of making a creditable fight, and he really showed to be a better man than he expected to see, but way down the champion has a feeling that Hanlon's conqueror would not walk up to him and fire away as he did without knowing that he had been to the races. Britt's admirers figure that Nelson would not hardly be able to put a glove on him, and when their man struck him he would not shake his head and come in for more like he did when Hanlon punched him.

"Why Britt would make a sucker out of Nelson," declared one of J. Edward's constituents, who has won thousands backing the champion. "Nelson would last just about six rounds with Jimmy."

All of Jimmy's admirers were not as enthusiastic as this one, but one and all agreed that Nelson will take the count if they ever meet.

This talk of Nelson not classing with Britt did not disturb Manager Teddy Murphy, who had heard noise like this before. He was told that his man was made to order for Hanlon, who would tear his stomach to pieces when they clashed.

"Now we are ready to talk business with either Britt, Corbett or Jimmy Gardiner," said Murphy. "These look to be about the best 130-pound men in the business just now. Nelson will fight any man in the world at 133 or at 130 at 6 o'clock, and he makes no exception. We are stopping over a few days to see if we can make a match for September. If we can, we will go home directly and then come back."

Nelson was out of the bath where he slept, early, and about the city buying presents to take back home with him. He had so much money that it bothered him more than J. Pierpont Morgan's does. For beating Hanlon he received more than he had earned for two years. "Why, I have fought for \$2,500," he said, "and sometimes for nothing. I never got so much before, but I am not going to throw it away. I have a mortgage to pay off on my mother's home, and the rest will go into the bank."

The little Danish fighter is a chap of no bad habits, not even a tobacco-user. He said he felt a trifle sore from his fight, but otherwise was in good shape.

Some of the veteran ring followers see a resemblance between Nelson and Kid Lavigne's style of fighting. They are certainly alike in being aggressive, and both ready to take a punch to give one in return.

When Hanlon fell, another short ender came through, which is quite a common occurrence nowadays. It might not be a system to lay against the favorites. Hanlon bore up under his defeat nobly, and had few words to say. He was somewhat disfigured about the face, but that was extent of his injuries. His father wants him to retire from the ring, but Eddie has no plans for the future. One thing is certain, he has saved enough of his earnings to enable him to live a spell comfortably without fighting.

Palatable Drinks.

Do you like cocktails? Fox's Bartender's Guide tells you how to make them. Price, 25 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

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A GREAT WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Our Readers Are Cheerfully Replied To—Ask Us Any Question You Wish—We Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

Jack, New York.—If a party has 980 points and he melds 20, can he claim out before taking in a trick? ... Yes.

H. A. O., Defiance, O.—A game of sixty-six; A had 67 points and played his last card; B took it and counted it; who wins? ... A wins.

C. B. A., Mobile, Ala.—Game of five-up; A was four and B three; A deals, and B stands Jack and A has the deuce; who is out? ... A wins.

L. H., Ridgefield, Conn.—Tell me if a player finding himself with four cards at poker, when a game is in progress, can continue to play his hand? ... No.

L. B., Providence, R. I.—What is the highest count possible in cribbage? ... Twenty-nine. Three fives in hand, Jack in hand and five of same suit as Jack, top card.

—, Solvay, N. Y.—First deal in forty-five; dealer M. L. bets that cutter T. Mc. cannot riddle the cards after him? ... T. Mc. can shuffle, but dealer has last shuffle.

C. J. R., Reading, Pa.—A and B are playing sixty-six; A has 65 and one card to play; B takes the last trick and claims one; A bets that he does not? ... B gets one.

C. F., Cleveland, O.—A and B play sixty-six; A takes the first trick; B takes the second trick; A takes the third trick; has A the right to look at his first trick? ... No.

Soldier, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y.—Four-handed pinochle; A holds Jack, king, queen, ten and ace and an extra king; A says he can meld 190; B says he is wrong? ... It counts 150.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Of the POLICE GAZETTE will be notable for two reasons. In the first place it will contain a full detailed story of the Jeffries-Munroe fight by rounds. This will be worth reading. The supplement with this issue will be a reproduction from the original print of Jack Randall, the English fighter, and will be a fine addition to the sporting collection of any one interested in the game.

N. J. Z., Hoboken.—Pinochle, make trump; A is 980; B is 990; it is A's make; A leads an ace and melds 40 trumps and claims out; B claims he isn't out without taking another trick ... A wins.

Jack, New York.—Pinochle; four-handed game; hearts trump; four kings and four queens at same time, 240; ace, ten and jack, 150 extra; can I count 390? ... No; 350. You lose forty trumps.

W. S., Newark, N. J.—In a four-handed game of skin euchre A is 1 to go; B 2; C 3; D gets euchred; who wins? First man out to take money; one dollar a corner ... A and B each win one dollar.

Poker, Reading, Pa.—Poker; A deals; B asks for three cards; A says, "I will also take three cards," and deals three from the deck before discarding; then he wants to take two only; must he take three cards or not? ... Must take three.

J. W., Chicago.—In shaking poker dice A throws five jacks in three throws; B throws five aces in three throws; A says any five tie; B maintains that he wins inasmuch as no agreement was made before the game. Who wins? ... Five aces win.

B. H. F.-C., Bushwick.—Euchre, twenty-four cards, call on the ace, no joker in the game; A makes trump and calls on the ace of spades; he makes all the tricks; the ace of spades was not out; how many points does he receive? ... Counts four.

D. McF., Portland, Me.—Cribbage; A played a three spot; B played another three which made a pair; A played a five spot; B played a two spot; then A played a four spot and claims run of four; is A entitled to the run? ... It is a run of four.

D. J., Los Angeles, Cal.—In a four-handed clinch game; A deals; B bids 1; C bids 2; D bids 4 for the money; A also bids 4 and claims that as he is the dealer he has the last say and can take the bid away from D; how about it? ... A is right.

Reader, New York.—A claims that during the time Fitzsimmons had retired from the ring, three years ago, he tipped the scales at 200 pounds, with ordinary clothing; that is, when not in training; B claims he did not? ... No authoritative answer can be given.

H. B. W., Sacramento, Cal.—A and B are playing cribbage; A deals; B plays a three; A plays a king; B plays a deuce; A plays a deuce; B plays a five; A plays a three; B plays an ace; A plays a four and claims a run of five and a go, making six points; is A right? ... A is right.

S. & M., Green Bay, Wis.—A, B, C and D are playing draw poker; A is dealing; B, in drawing cards, exposes one; the dispute arises as to whether he should be helped to his card immediately or wait until after C and D are helped? ... It is usual to wait until the rest are helped.

D. L. K., Brunswick, Ga.—Draw poker; A opens back-pot with two pair; B has three aces pat; A draws one card; B, having the best hand, tries to mislead A and calls for one card; by mistake B discards two cards, then finds he has only four cards in his hand; is the hand dead, the deal having been regular and does B lose the pot because he has made a mistake in discarding his hand? ... B loses.

J. G., Chicago Ridge, Ill.—Euchre; partners; four-handed; playing with twenty-four cards; the dealer takes up the trump and plays it alone; one of the players plays it alone against him; the dealer takes three tricks and the player takes two tricks; how many points does the dealer make? ... One.

R. L. H., Belize, B. H.—If A and B are playing partners in casino against C and D; A builds for a five which his adversary, D, playing fourth hand, takes; A still retains his five spot in hand, but does not attempt

other, raising both off the table at one time, then places the top cards on the table and places the cards he had taken from the bottom on top; the dealer refused to accept the cut, claiming it was not a square cut; was it legal, according to card rules? ... The cut was not according to rule.

FLYNN CUT IT SHORT.

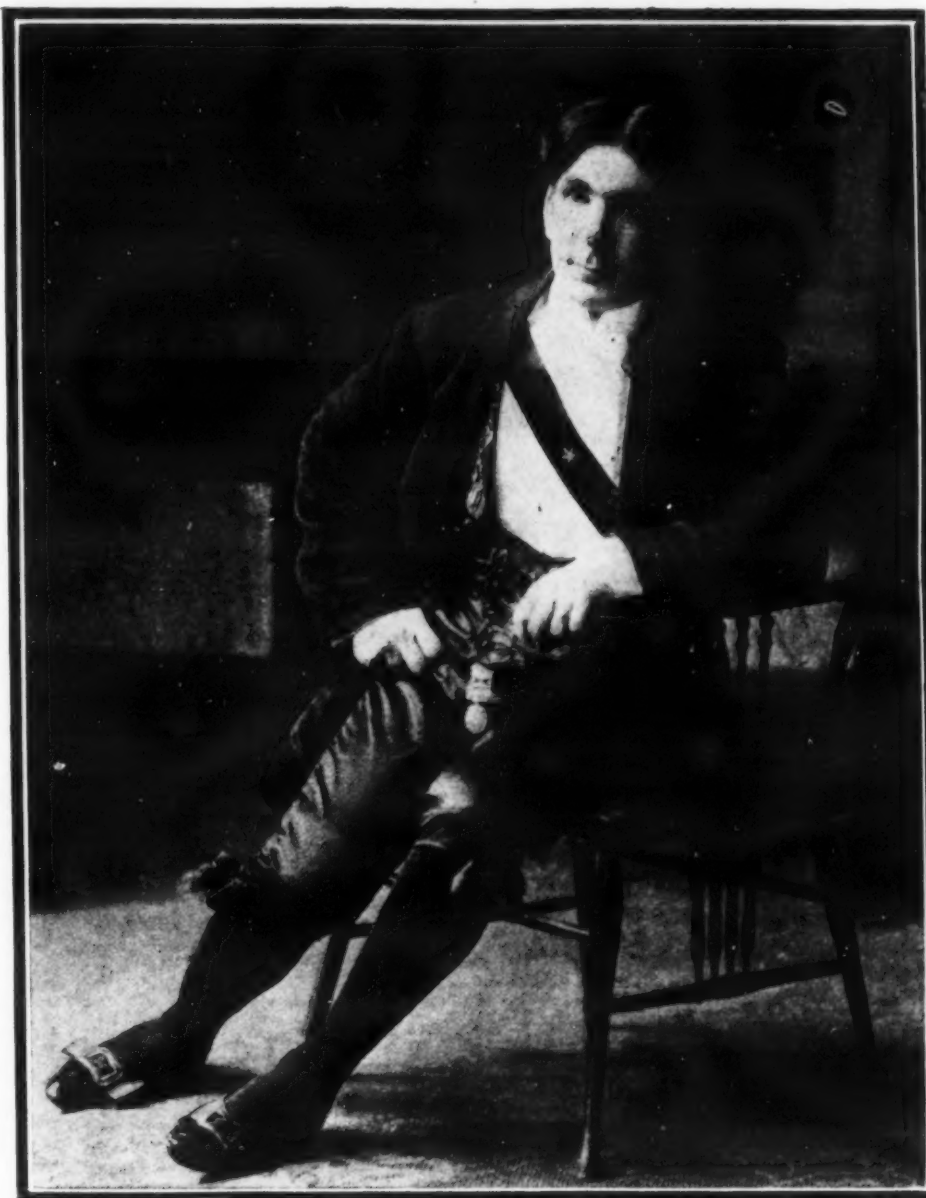
Jim Flynn, of Pueblo, Col., and Harry Gadie, colored, of California, were scheduled to fight six rounds at Starkville, Col., on Aug. 5, but the battle was ended by Flynn landing a right swing on Gadie's jaw, scoring a complete knockout.

CROSBY AND WILSON DRAW.

Steve Crosby, of Louisville, and Kid Wilson, of Orange, N. J., fought six hard rounds at the open air show of the Lenox A. C., Chester, Pa., August 8, and the result was about an even thing at the finish. Wilson rushed matters at the start and had an advantage in the first round. In the second Crosby had the New Jerseyite bleeding at the mouth from a right-hand jolt, and from that on there was a general mixup in every round, and the men repeatedly clinched and fought close. The referee had his own troubles in breaking them apart and was struck by Wilson.

FRANK GOTCH WON.

Frank A. Gotch, of Humboldt, Ia., catch-as-catch-can champion wrestler of America, successfully defended his title at Vancouver, B. C., on Aug. 6, in a match with Dan S. McLeod, of Hamilton, Ont. McLeod secured one fall, the first, after a terrific struggle lasting 31 minutes and 44 seconds. McLeod won the fall with a half-Nelson and crotch hold. Gotch won the second fall in 23:20 and the third and final in 26:38. The hot pace of the first contest showed on both men and the wrestling was not so fast when the men got to the mat again. Gotch finally got McLeod with a sciss-



LAWRENCE CRANE.

I am ready to meet Herrmann, the Magician, in a Contest of Skill, at any time and place he may designate, being thoroughly convinced that I am a better performer than he.—Lawrence Crane, the Irish Magician, Portland, Ore., Theatre.

to build again; however, when the play reaches his partner, B, he having no five in his hand, but knowing that A has that card builds for a five, claiming that as he knows from A's previous play that he holds a five that he, B, has a right to build for him; D objects, stating as his reason that B has no right to build a new five unless he has a five in his own hand? ... D is right.

Seven-Eleven, Kansas City, Mo.—In a game of coon-can G has ace, deuce and trey of diamonds spread, also ace, deuce and trey of clubs, has ace and deuce of spades and ace and trey of hearts in his hand; L discards deuce of hearts and G makes grand switch of four aces, four deuces and three treys; L says it doesn't go ... The play is O. K.

R. W. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Where can I get a book on pit fighting? How many times have Corbett and Jeffries fought? What is the world's record for 100 yards? Is Abe Attell a Jew? ... 1. Send 25 cents and two-cent stamp to this office for our "Cocker's Guide." 2. They fought twice. 3. Nine and three-fifths seconds. 4. Yes.

H. H., Minersville, Pa.—While playing a game of euchre, after all the cards being shuffled and handed for a cut, the cutter takes the cards, cuts them, holding the top pile in one hand and the under pile in the

Useful To All

Professional and Amateur Athletes—Send for the Official Book of Rules for All Sports, revised and up-to-date, mailed to any address on receipt of seven 2-cent postage stamps.

• BASEBALL •

Pittsburg is angling for McChesney, of Des Moines.

Red Donahue is proving to be Cleveland's winning pitcher.

Sandow Mertes has taken a big brace in his batting lately.

Bobby Lowe is to be manager of the Detroit for the rest of the season.

First baseman Hickman has been traded to the Detroit team by Cleveland.

Billy Nash says he will again try his hand at managing a ball team next season.

Selee has six pitchers about as evenly matched as ever got together on one team.

Philadelphia woke up long enough to beat Cincinnati two games in one afternoon recently.

"It's coming off all right," said McGraw, the other day, referring to the round-the-world trip.

The veteran Pink Hawley is pitching occasionally for the La Crosse, Wis., independent team.

For ground covering and base running Harry Bay, of the Cleveland, does not need to bow to anyone.

John Dobbs is fielding brilliantly for Brooklyn, but his throwing arm has not gained any strength.

President Ebbets says Brooklyn has four young players under cover and will keep them there until fall.

Casseday, Pittsburg's new outfielder, has all the appearances of Willie Keeler at bat. Casseday is a good one.

Although he is anything but a graceful fielder, Charley Babb, the Brooklyn's shortstop, is quite a base-hit killer.

Miller Huggins, of Cincinnati, will be asked to join the Chicago Club on the trip around the world. That's a tribute to merit.

McNichols, the Boston's new twirler, does not possess an impressive style of delivery, but he manages to get there just the same.

Jim O'Rourke, the old New York player, is still in the game. He is managing the Bridgeport team and plays in turn behind the bat.

Connie Mack is holding Rube Waddell in check for a Garrison finish, as the Quakers figure they can make a good fight for the flag.

Rube Waddell is endeavoring to beat Glade's strike-out record of fifteen, made against the Senators, but he cannot reach the mark.

Frank Smith, the Chicago pitcher, is a broad-shouldered fellow with plenty of muscle, but he will need it all to stand the racking pace at which he is going.

Hanlon has offered Barney Dreyfuss four players and \$2,500 for Hans Wagner, but Barney says he would not part with the Dutchman for the entire Brooklyn club.

Frank Chance, of Chicago, stole home in a recent game with Brooklyn with the ball in the pitcher's hands. Chance is one of the fastest men on the bases in the game to-day.

Ted Sullivan closed a deal with John Heenan, part owner of the Grand Rapids Central League team, by which Bert Farrell, Grand Rapids pitcher, was sold to Cincinnati.

The Brooklyn and St. Louis teams played a seventeen inning game at Brooklyn the other day, the Cardinals winning. This is the longest game so far this season in either of the big leagues.

Every regular on the New York American League team has been out of the line-up from ten to thirty days. Anderson and Williams are the only men who have stood the gaff day in and day out.

Jack Dunn, of the Giants, is considered by critics to be the best utility man in the league. Jack seems to be able to make good in any position assigned him, and he has had a try at every place except behind the bat.

Virgil Garvin, the elongated twirler of the Brooklyn, is pitching fine ball this season. But at the bat he is a joke. When he made a single in a recent game with Chicago even the opposing pitcher congratulated him.

Manager Fred Clarke of the Pittsburg club says: "I am heartily in favor of post-season games between the pennant-winning teams of the two big leagues. They are a good thing, from whatever point they are viewed."

McGraw showed his baseball generalship when he secured the services of Mike Donlin, the ex-Red. Donlin will be of great strength to the Giants, and under the handling of McGraw should be one of the best in the country.

A Chicago critic has figured it out that there is dissension among the New Yorks and that they will soon take a big slump. Maybe, but McGraw is going right ahead bailing the Giants on the around the world trip and the pennant pole has been ordered.

Big Dan Brouthers, who is probably the greatest batter that this country has ever produced, is now, at the age of forty-eight years, playing ball like he did twenty years ago, when he was champion of the National League for four successive seasons.

Frank Lindeman, who pitches Sunday games for the Hoboken team, is being sought after by several league managers, but refuses to give up his business interests to play professional baseball. He has pitched his team to victory against several of the best league clubs.

Wrestlers! Wrestlers!

If you want to know all about wrestling you want Champion George Rothner's new book, 73 full-page illustrations. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cents extra.

JACK RANDALL—Original Nonpareil who Fought in England in 1809—Supplement Next Week



LAWRENCE PIERQUE.
FRANK GOTCH'S NEPHEW, CHAMPION
MIDDLEWEIGHT WRESTLER OF IOWA.



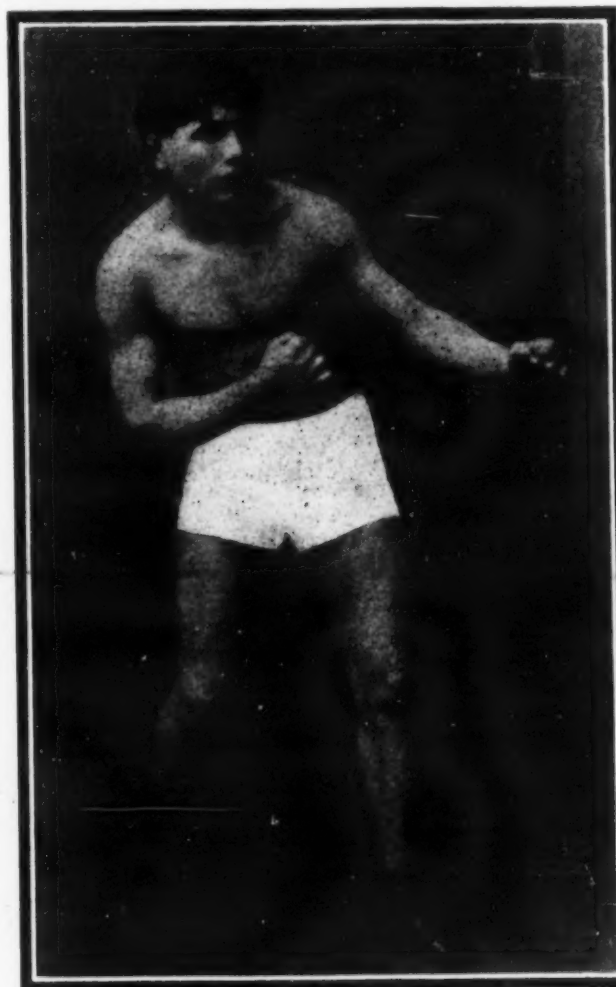
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JOHN WILLE.
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT OF CHICAGO WHO
ISSUES A SWEEPING CHALLENGE.



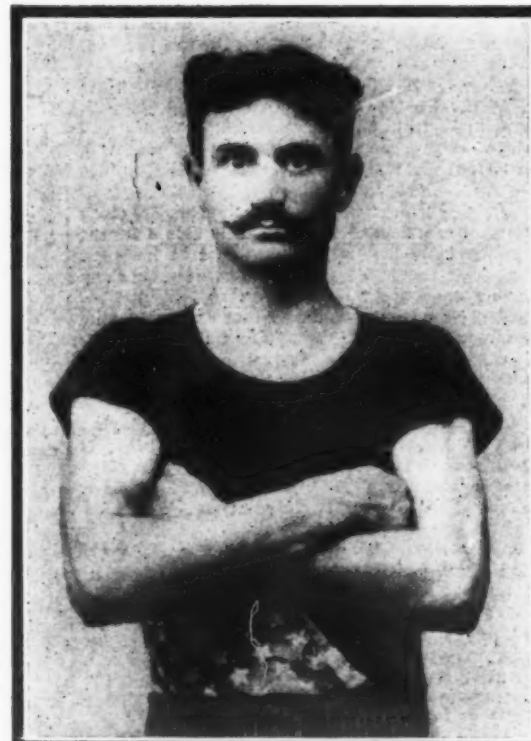
EDWARD BASS.
YOUNG BAG PUNCHER OF BROOKLYN WHO
WOULD LIKE TO MEET ANY RIVALS.



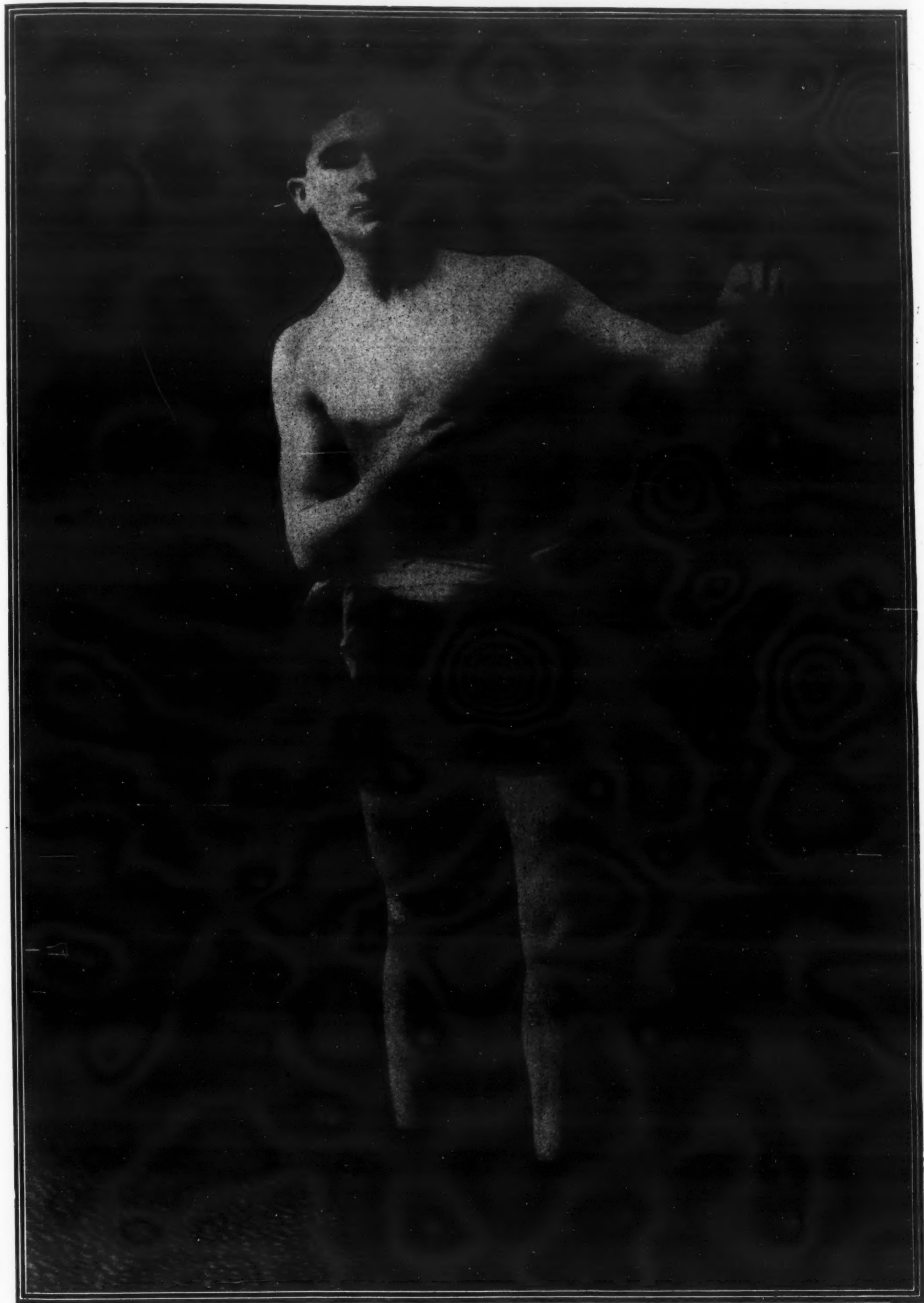
KID TUTHS.
BROOKLYN BOXER WHO WANTS TO MAKE
A MATCH AT 128-130 POUNDS.



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SAM FORTE.
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NEW YORK LIGHTWEIGHT WHOSE RECORD IS A GOOD ONE, AND WHO IS AFTER
A BATTLE WITH CHAMPION JOE GANS FOR THE TITLE.

NEW RECIPES IN EVERY ISSUE

Wise Bartenders Will Get Good Tips
in This Column.



Robert C. Hunt, of Schrecksville, Pa., is the owner of the Eagle Hotel and former proprietor of the American House of Stratford, Pa., where he has a host of friends. He is an expert marksman and all around sporting man.

THE JEFFRIES AND MUNROE

Fight for the heavyweight championship will appear in Next Week's Police Gazette. A complete account of the battle by rounds will be furnished the readers of this paper. Order now.

NOW FOR THE WINNER.

The bartender's contest is now formally closed and the winners will be announced in next week's POLICE GAZETTE. And so ends one of the most successful competitions which has ever been conducted.

During the course of this contest many thousands of recipes have been received, all of which will be published in this column in their turn.

You will want next week's paper if you are at all interested.

If you are not a subscriber this is a good time to begin.

Another contest on the same lines as the preceding ones will be begun in a short time, and the prizes will be three handsome gold medals. So those of you who haven't won this time are advised to try again and you may be more fortunate in the future.

See the winners next week.

OPAL COCKTAIL.

(By Gus Strehle, Meyer's Hotel, Hoboken, N. J.)
Three dashes orange bitters; one-third of Old Tom gin; one dash Anisette; fill balance with Absinthe; stir well, strain into a cocktail glass, twist lemon peel on top.

GIANT'S DIAMOND.

(By Rudolph Svec, South Norwalk, Conn.)
Pony beer glass; a little shaved ice; whiskey glass of whiskey; two or three dashes celery extract; fill up with seltzer and serve with straws and napkin.

KENTUCKY FIZZ.

(By Walter Bootz, George's Palace, Allentown, Pa.)
Use big glass half full cracked ice; one jigger sour wine; small spoon of sugar; one bottle of soda; stir well, serve with straw, top off with fruit.

DOS PALOS SPECIAL.

(By Al Kissmann, Dos Palos, Cal.)
Large bar glass; one-half pony pineapple drips; one-half pony Curacao; one teaspoon Orgeat syrup; three lumps of ice; fill with sweet soda, dress with lemon and fruit in season and serve with straws.

BARTENDER'S BRACER.

(By C. M. Baer, S. A. Club, San Antonio, Tex.)
Use large mixing glass; juice of half a lime; one-half tablespoon bar sugar; one cordial glass of Absinthe; one-half cordial glass of Anisette; yolk of one egg; shake well, strain in thin glass and serve with cold seltzer or Apollinaris.

A MORNING BRACER.

(By Scipio Williams, 220 Indiana Av., Indianapolis.)
Juice of one lime; one bar spoon soft sugar; one jigger whiskey; three dashes of rum; four dashes Creme de Yvette; strain in fancy stem glass; one squirt seltzer and serve; use large mixing glass filled with fine ice.

Accidental
Discharge
Impossible—

This is why

True only if it is an
IVER JOHNSON

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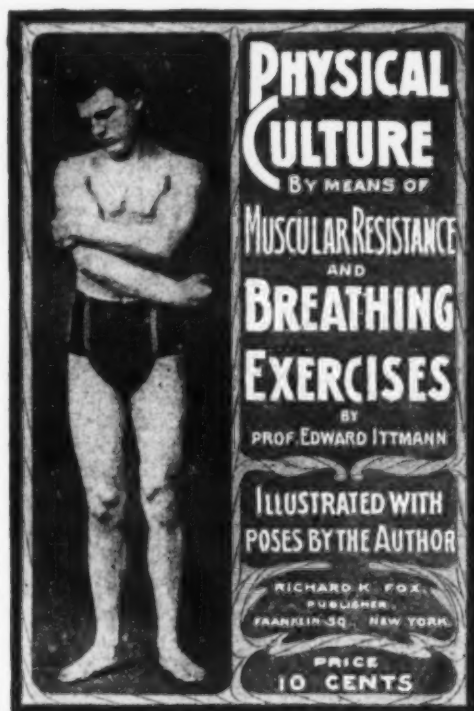
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BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND
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LOVE CHARM How to make anyone love you with true & everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. (silver).
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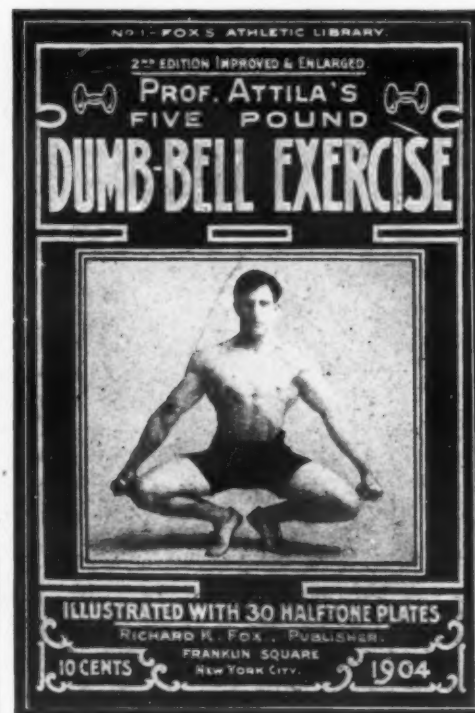
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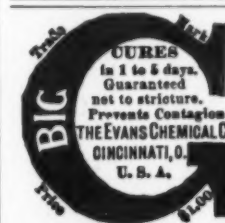


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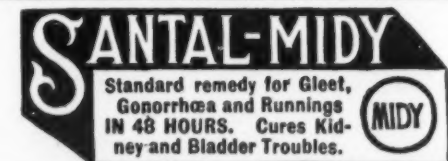
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FLYNN BEATS FINNERTY.

Cy Flynn, the "Buffalo Spider," stopped "Squirrel" Finnerty in the fourth round of a contest that was scheduled to go twenty rounds at Ridgeway, Pa., on August 9. The men were matched at 145 pounds, and Flynn was two pounds below this figure, but Finnerty weighed 165.

Finnerty was aggressive at the start. He rushed and swung his stumpy arms wickedly, but Flynn's long left got there first every time, and as a result Finnerty's nose and mouth were badly battered at the close of the first round.

From this on Flynn just jabbed and smashed Finnerty all over the ring, twice sending him to the floor. Finally, in the fourth round, Finnerty, seeing that he could not land on his larger opponent, deliberately quit, and the decision went to Flynn, who escaped unmarked.

A large crowd went to see the bout, and much money was bet with Finnerty the favorite.

M'CORMICK LOST ON MAT.

Mort Henderson, the giant wrestler of Rochester, N. Y., met Jack McCormick on the mat at Beaver Falls, Pa., Aug. 4, and succeeded in pinning the big Philadelphian's shoulders to the mat in two straight falls. Henderson displayed immense strength and speed and was all over his man, winning the first fall in twenty-three minutes and the second in nine minutes.

ENGLISH SWIMMER WON.

Joey Nuttal, the English champion swimmer, on Aug. 13 defeated James McCusker on the Charles river, at West Roxbury, Mass., in a race for the world's championship.

The events were quarter and half mile races and Nuttal had no trouble in capturing both. In the quarter mile swim, the British champion won by ten yards in 5 minutes 46 seconds and he doubled this lead in the half mile. The time was 12 minutes 5 seconds.

The winner used the powerful Australian stride stroke with a peculiar leg push and showed strength over McCusker, who was exhausted.

YANKEE ROGERS WON.

Yankee Rogers, the heavyweight wrestler, won a decisive victory over Mort Henderson, the giant Rochester wrestler, at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 12 in two straight falls, taking the first in 10 minutes and 50 seconds and the second in 3 minutes and 10 seconds.

The contest while it lasted was characterized by strenuous and rapid work on the part of both men. Henderson started out in a manner that for a time had Rogers' friends a bit nervous, for in a mixup during the first five minutes of wrestling he lifted Yankee bodily from the mat with a full body hold, and whirling him around slammed him savagely to his hands and knees. Rogers as well as his friends appeared surprised, but this bit of rough handling only served to arouse the New Englander, for on recovering his equilibrium he dashed from under the big butcher and soon had him struggling vainly to free himself from a bar hold. Both men displayed tremendous strength and great agility for such gigantic fellows. Rogers, however, proved Henderson's superior in skill, speed, stamina and all around wrestling.

MAJOR DELMAR AFTER RECORD.

Major Delmar, E. E. Smathers bay son of Delmar, equaled the world's trotting record of 2:02 1/4, without a runner in front, at the Empire City race track, New York, on Aug. 13, in the presence of 2,500 spectators. The performance of the big gelding was a remarkable one in that it was made in the face of a strong head wind which caused him to tire perceptibly in the last quarter.

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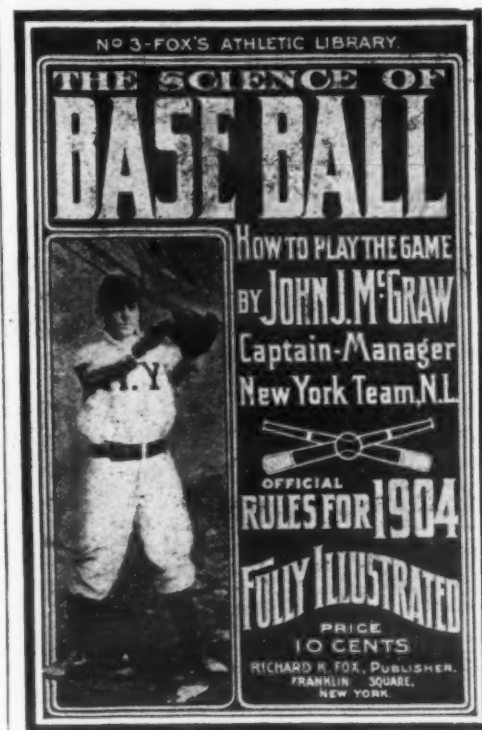
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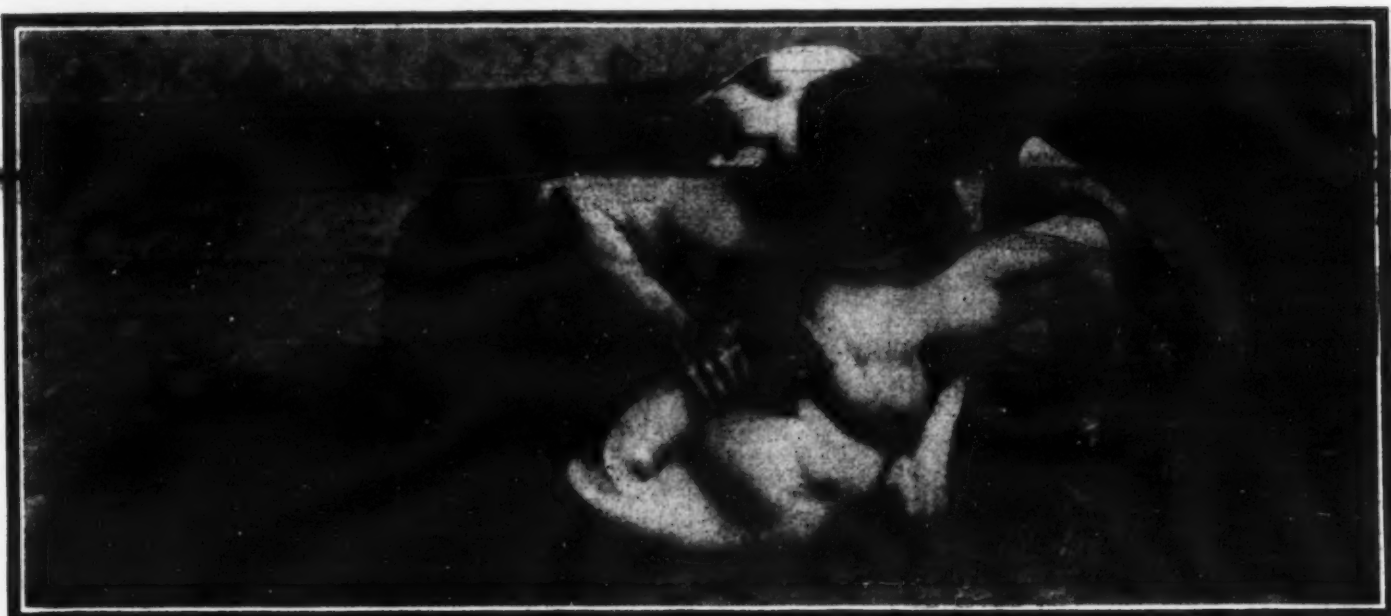
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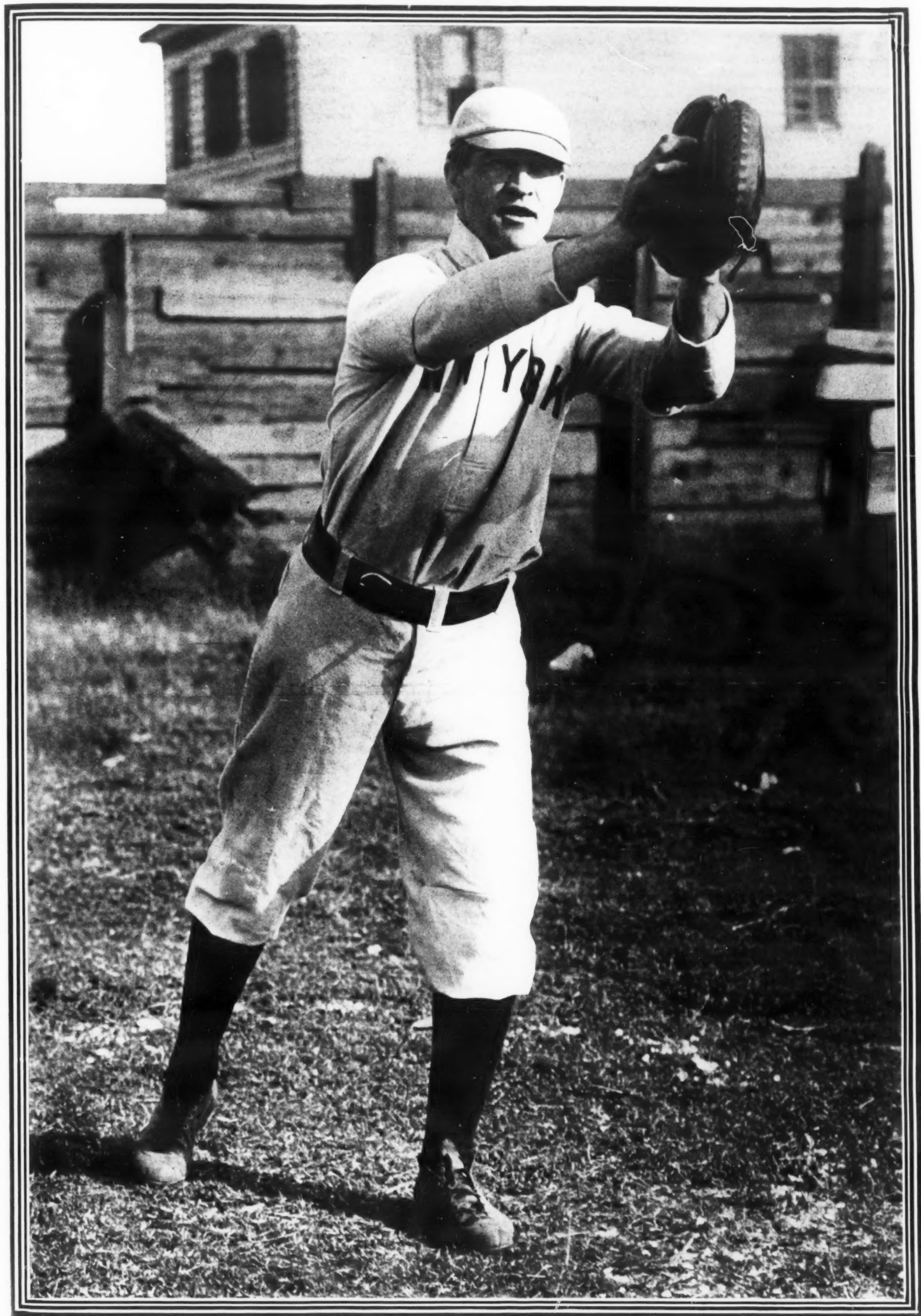
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